

KAHANIYA

ENGLISH STORY MAGAZINE

Annual Sub. Inland Rs. 3. Foreign Rs. 4.

Vol. V |

NOVEMBER, 1958

| No. 7

An interesting and unforgettable episode in the hostel life of a rich student.

MALGOVA MANIKYAM

M. S PADMANABHAN

I would have preferred to spend the Deepavali holiday sitting quietly in the cosy comfort of my easy chair and listening to the radio, but my wife suggested going to a picture and so we went. But the picture was intensely boring; of story, there was none in it; photography was bad; the acting far below the average and the direction left much to be desired. Added to all that I had wasted nearly five rupees on it, towards conveyance for my wife and self, admission tickets, inci dentals etc. And naturally when I left the theatre, I came out with a splitting headache. No wonder I felt cross when somebody slapped me on the back and with a mild curse hovering on my lips I turned round to find that it was none but my old friend Manikyam. He introduced his chic companion as his wife, and after exchange of greetings, I introduced my wife to them. Turning to my wife I said:

"This is Manikyam, my old friend, about whom I have told

you often." This I said simply, but Manikyam stiffened a little bit and suddenly the colour rose in his cheeks and he stammered a few words and hastily took leave of us. Not that he did not have ample reason to feel confused and guilty, but all the same I felt a bit sorry that I did not have the chance for some more exchange of pleasantries with him, about the good old days of course, for I had not met him for the past six years since he abruptly left the hostel and the college on that eventful day.

"Why did your friend leave so suddenly?" queried my better half.

"Oh, perhaps he felt I might inadvertently refer to our hostel days."

"Well, that sounds interesting," my wife said.

"Indeed! Gossip is ever interesting, especially to women."

At this she pretended great annoyance and turned her face the other side. In order to avoid the embarrassment of walking with

a sulking fair companion I proceeded to satisfy her curiosity to which she eagerly listened even though with an outward air of disinterestedness.

"Don't you remember my telling you that he was nicknamed 'Malgova Manikyam'?"

"Yes," she replied. "Yes, but, you used to laugh away all my requests to tell me how the name stuck." Inspite of her I-don't-care-for-your-gossip attitude I could discern the keenness in her voice and I proceeded to narrate the story. "The time is ripe for the explanation," I chuckled as I hailed a passing taxi and seated ourselves comfortably. After giving the driver the necessary directions I proceeded:

I was reading in my final Honours class then. Manikyam was my class-mate and room-mate too. He was a rich mirsadar's son and used to dress well and go to pictures often cutting the classes.

He had come to the city more to enjoy himself than to read in the college. So, one day, when after the midday meals, he said that he was suffering from a bad headache and requested that I should give him proxy attendance in the class, I guessed that he had planned to go to some picture. With a knowing smile I nodded my assent and started for the classroom. Little did I realise then that my friend had planned some truly great adventure. It transpired later that he had been taking an interest in a young and rather shapely lass, who was vending fruits in the vicinity. (At this with a grimace my wife turned her head away but I knew for sure that the gossip-hungry

ears were ready to absorb every detail.) He evidently had planned to meet her that day. The students had gone to their classes and the hostel was empty. The annual examinations were fast approaching and naturally there were very few who stayed away from classes. Our room was on the first floor. It was the first one to the right immediately one climbed the stairs.

Our friend waited in his room with hopes, but as time passed he became restless and impatient. When she failed to make her appearance even at 2-30 p. m. he nearly gave up hope and was on the point of starting for some picture in sheer disgust. But as he stepped out on the verandah he was greatly elated to find her just entering the street at the far corner. Her carefree gait, springy steps, one hand raised holding the basket on her head and the other swinging freely, sent a thrill in his brain. She was approaching nearer and her voice was clearly audible. "Mangoes, malgova mangoes," she was calling. He beckoned her from the verandah. She looked up and entered the compound with a smile. Slowly with a swinging gait and heaving bosom she came up the steps and unloaded her basket in front of his room. He drank in her voluptuous form. Though just a street hawker she was dressed in a cheap but neat nylon saree, which made that sinuous and finely shaped figure all the more desirable by etching out in clear relief every curve and detail of her intoxicating and vigorous youthful form. She might have been about eighteen years of age and the hard out-door life had

made her very sturdy and shapely. Her skin had acquired a welcome tan and was shining and smooth. Her shapely breasts were but partly covered and were heaving due to the strain of coming up the stairs with the load on her head. He was measuring her up, with obviously hungry eyes. Her merry giggle brought him to this world. "What is the price today?" asked he.

"Malgoa, very high class variety, four rupees a dozen I sell, but I will give it for three to you," she replied.

He was a regular customer and used to buy various things from her, just for the pleasure of talking and teasing her.

"Why three rupees? You are not rich to forego a rupee," he smiled at her. "I will give you five rupees a dozen."

She laughed at this in her own unsophisticated and mirthful way, which made him desire her all the more.

The afternoon had been cloudy and it had begun to drizzle and suddenly a gust of wind came and the rain was splashing on the verandah drenching both of them. "We will get drenched if we stand here," he remarked and asked her to come into the room. Unsuspecting she followed him, and as the wind was blowing harder and splashing more rain on the verandah and further inside the room he closed the door too. "How many mangoes have you got there?" he asked.

"Three dozens."

"O K. I will pay you fifteen rupees for them; and you can remain here till the rain ceases." He switched on the table lamp



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GANGA WORKS
ADYAR

and opening the drawer took out three five rupee notes and gave them to her. As she was taking it from him he took hold of her hand and dragged her towards him. "Leave me Babu, or I will bawl out," she said in panic. He was getting more and more passionate. Having progressed so far in his advances he did not want to let her go. Such an opportunity might never come his way again. All the students in his block being away at the classes, with the heavy rain making it impossible for anyone to stir out it was a heaven-sent-for opportunity. The intoxicating beauty within such an easy reach had inflamed his passion and he felt quite miserable at her obstinacy. "If my husband comes to know of this there will be murder," she said.

"Nobody will come to know," he was actually pleading, but she stood her ground very firmly. He decided on one final strategy and whipped out three more five rupee notes from the drawer and dangled them before her eyes. Steeped in absolute poverty as she was the sight of money was a strong temptation and she yielded to his caresses, of course, not before securing the notes and safely tying them in a knot in the corner of her saree. But hardly had he time to take her in his arms when the most incredible thing happened—somebody knocked at the door! It was a great shock to him and he thought that the person my go away, thinking that he was asleep if only he kept quiet, and hence he did not respond to the call. The intruder was none other than his room mate—yes, myself. The lecturer had given us some problems and had asked us to write down the answers in a separate note book and produce it that day. Only when my turn to produce the note book came did I realise that I had forgotten to take it with me to the class. So the teacher bade me go and fetch it. Borrowing an umbrella from a classmate, I hurried to my room and found it bolted from inside. The window shutters were also secured. I thought Manikyam was perhaps engaged in a game of cards with some other students and had shut himself up to escape detection. So I knocked again and called out, "Manikyam it is I Please open the door." Still there was no response. The rain was splashing on the verandah and my shoes were getting soaked. I

grew impatient and shouted at Manikyam to open the door. I banged and shouted but still the door was not opened. And a new fear seized me. I was sure Manikyam was inside. Perhaps he was sick or perhaps he had hanged himself. When this fear entered my mind I cried out for help. Some of the juniors were returning to their dormitories and my shouts attracted a few of them who came to the spot. It was when I was replying to their anxious queries that Mohan from the opposite block came running and impatiently called me to one side and in a whisper appraised me of my friend's misdeed. He too had cut his afternoon classes it seems and had planned to go to a picture when this interesting drama caught his eye and he had watched as much of it as he could, of course, only until the door closed on him. When he heard my shouts and the general commotion he guessed what might have happened and hurried along to help a comrade in distress. But he was too late. Their curiosity kindled by our whispered conversation, and my subsequent efforts to get rid of them (I should have been a very poor actor indeed) everybody became insistant on the door being opened and the crowd soon swelled. By this time word had gone to the warden, and he too came hurrying along with two hefty boys carrying crow bars. He brushed me aside and shouted to Manikyam. "Come out before I count three or I will smash the door. One, two..." Perhaps Manikyam thought

that the game was up and it was better to face the consequences. He opened the door and came out. "What were you doing?" asked the warden.

"Sleeping. I had a headache."

"But you are sweating profusely man, in such cold weather! Are you alright?"

Before he could answer a sudden gust of wind swayed the coat hanger revealing the figure of the girl hiding behind it. She was really frightened. On perceiving her the warden banged the door shut and asked everyone to clear out much to the disappointment of the students who had eagerly craned their necks to feast their eyes on what appeared to them to be the image of Aphrodite.

When she finally came out

with the empty basket poised on her waist and a carefree gait and wry smile on her lips, somebody from the crowd who had stayed downstairs asked her in a jocular tone: "What have you been selling today?"

"Mangoes, malgova mangoes," she replied smiling and walked away leaving the bewildered bachelors sheepishly staring.

For the rest of the day, the students discussed the affair, praising the beauty of the debutante, her rugged charm and perfect figure and were generally approving of Manikyam's choice. By then they had begun to refer to him as "Malgova Manikyam." The chosen few who had the rare opportunity of getting a fleeting glance at the

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partially dressed beauty during the short interval in the room were mobbed that day and the episode was the talk of the hostel for the whole year.

That night Manikyam narrated the whole thing to me with every juicy detail as it happened. "Very sorry old man," said I and explained to him that I had raised the hue and cry because I feared something untoward had happened to him when he did not respond to my repeated requests to open the door. "If you had just hinted I would have certainly gone away and the present embarrassment could have been avoided," I said.

"No, don't bother," he said with his customary lightheartedness. "It was all my fault, my not trusting you even after we have moved together so long and so intimately. If only I had confided in you and told you my plans, which, by the way, I had been thinking of for quite a long time, you would never have got me into this trouble as you have done now quite unwittingly. Anyway, I am starting for home to-morrow. My aunt's daughter is waiting there for me. It is

time I married her and settled down. I can't continue to remain here."

"But what about your studies?" I asked.

"Ah! You know and I know that you know. When was I sincere in my studies? Somehow I managed to come up so far. My money may not get me a pass in the university examination, you see. So why appear and fail? It is better I discontinue now. My mind is made up," he said.

The matter was settled amicably with the warden, of course, you know how, and the students were all sporting enough and in fact even envied him secretly. The matter was thus hushed up and nothing was intimated to his parents.

The taxi stopped before our gate. I got down and paid the fare. My wife was in a good mood. "That is a good story, more entertaining than the film," she said. "Yes," I added, "and even today it is an epic in our college and I heard that every newcomer makes it a point to visit the room that Malgova Manikyam once occupied in the hostel."

CANDID

Mrs. Smith had just engaged an exceptionally pretty nurse for the baby. Mr. Smith watched her go out of the room with great satisfaction.

"I must caution you dear," said Mrs. Smith. "The new nurse is very finicky about hygiene. You better not kiss the baby while she is around."

"Why, my dear," Smith replied candidly. "I wouldn't dream of kissing baby—while she is around."

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The best cure for worry, depression, melancholy, brooding is to go deliberately forth and to try to lift with one's sympathy the gloom of somebody else.

— Arnold Bennet.

BLACKMAIL

It is usually the lone wolf in unfrequented lanes who molests girls but in the following incident it is a girl who blackmails a man.

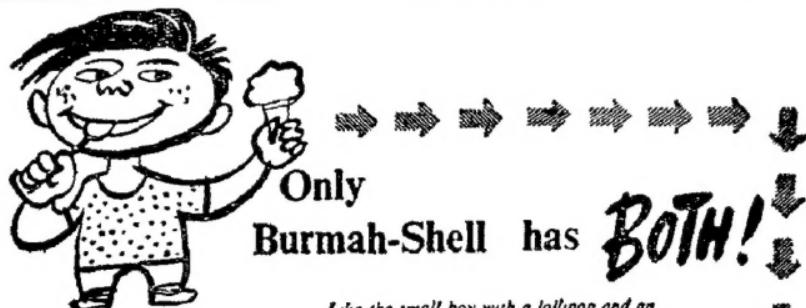
N. GANGA RAM, M.A.

10-35 P. M.

Mr. Brahmachar alighted from the last bus, walked across and took the approach road to the colony that had recently sprung up. At that untimely hour the place, as you would expect, presented a picture of grave silence, except of course the squeaking of his new shoes.

I don't know what he felt then but he took it into his head that that was the time to hum, and a dozen lilting tunes came bubbling to his throat. So much so he had to decide which to choose and as he was debating within himself there was a sharp interruption:

"Hey, mister!"



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It was a shrill feminine voice hailing him from a shouting distance. Being little unaccustomed to such an experience as this, Mr. Brahmachar had to think for a while whether to answer or carry on as though he hadn't heard the voice. He quickly decided to follow the latter course.

But the female was not the person to leave it at that. She quickened her pace and in a few moments was in line with him. "I've been calling *you*," she insisted, placing quite a lot of emphasis on the italicized pronoun. "I just can't understand how you can go on unconcerned when a lonely girl shouts for help. If you'll look around, it will be clear to you that I couldn't have possibly meant anyone else—for the simple reason that there isn't anyone..." It looked as though she was chiding him for his indifference; this naturally upset him.

"Alright, madam, alright. You better stop your accusations. Now what do you want me to do?" he asked her cut and dry.

The question elicited a sarcastic "Ooph!" from her. She added, "It's a pity that I've had to encounter such an unimaginative soul like you. Well, all I want is that you should escort me to my house which is a couple of streets away..."

"I admit I'm unimaginative—I can't *imagine* why a bold and forward female like you should need an escort..."

"Bah! Any other young man would have jumped at the idea of escorting a girl home at this hour. He would consider it chivalrous and even the beginning

of a romantic..." Here she changed her tone and demurred softly, coyly. "Look! how beautiful I am! Don't you think I've a wonderful figure, what with my..."

The way she went on in this rather indecent strain caused him annoyance. She was after all a pick-up girl, cheap and vulgar but with potentialities of a dangerous nature.

"Well, I don't think a girl of your type deserves nor needs help. Let me go my way," he said in disgust.

"You really are puzzling to me. But don't be' indifferent to me. I'm a poor girl, after all. Take pity on me. Please."

"Pity!" he laughed in derision.

That prompted the girl to decide that that was the ripe time for playing her customary and professional trick of threat and blackmail...

"Let me warn you, mister," she said sternly. "You've got yourself entangled in a most helpless situation. You just don't know how much harm—if only I wish—I could do you. I can ruin your reputation..."

He felt confused. "Fiddlesticks! What the hell are you talking? How can a damned wench like you harm my *moral* reputation? Don't talk nonsense."

"Innocent soul! You are trying my patience. Thou shalt pay for it. Listen. All that I will do now is shout, 'Rogue! Help! Help!...' People from the neighbouring houses will come out rushing I shall explain to them, feigning innocence, that you attempted to *males*t me. People

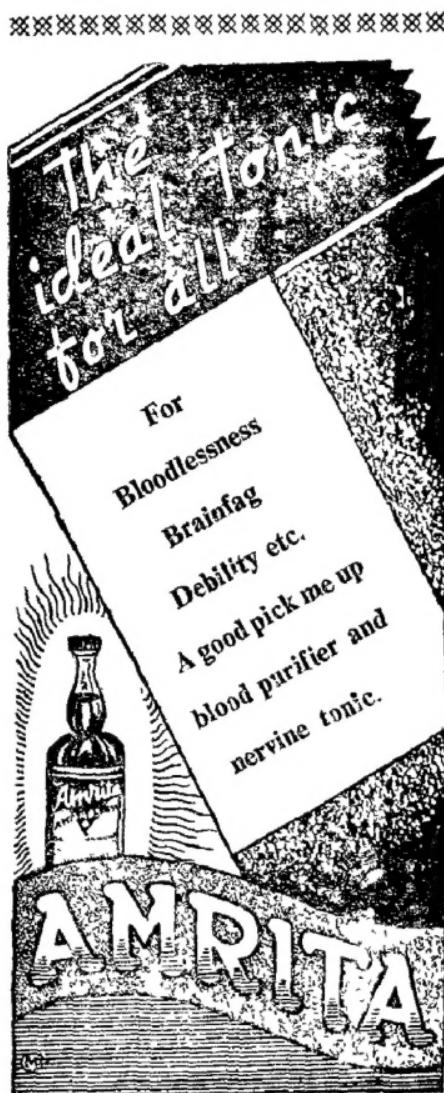
will naturally believe my story. They will pay a deaf ear to your protests. They will pounce upon you, heap curses on you, call you names, spit on your face and finally hand you over to the police..."

How cunning and designing of her ! The consequences enumerated by her were indeed shuddering to think of. People of course would readily believe that he tried to take liberties with the young, shapely woman. They wouldn't, in their excitement, listen to him, even if he shouted himself hoarse that he was innocent and that it was the girl who was shameless and fast. Man's weakness for flesh is too well-known...

"Don't be an idiot," she said emphatically. "I shan't harm you or your moral reputation—if only you would do as I dictate. Empty your purse. Shell out all that you have. Wrist-watch, pen, that ring and all the money you have in the purse.. Don't hesitate. Delay is dangerous I've no mercy for weak individuals Quick. Or else I'll make a scene. Be prudent. I give you five seconds .."

"Five seconds ! Ha, ha !" Mr. Brahmachar turned round and laughed boisterously. " Now, devil, I give you five seconds to surrender ! After all, Inspector Brahmachar of the X Branch is not an innocent or unimaginative soul as you characterised him. We got several reports about the dirty trick of threat and blackmail you've been playing for the last few weeks, and our chief laid this trap for you..."

She was flabbergasted, dumb-



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founded, terrified. But she quickly regained and changed her tune. Tears automatically welled up in her eyes. She began to beg and plead. "Oh, Inspector, please forgive me. I shall give up this trick. I shall be a good girl henceforth. I had to take to such things because of my dire poverty. Honestly I tell you I'll turn a new leaf. I beseech you, I entreat you..." So saying she bent down penitently to touch his feet. And in a jiffy she scrambled some mud, threw

it in his face and vanished into the darkness.

But Mr. Brahmachar slowly pulled out his handkerchief and wiped his face. He didn't bother to give the girl a chase. He was too busy congratulating himself on his brain-wave to pose at the dramatic hour as an Inspector of the X Branch -- a brain wave that saved him from what could have turned out to be a disagreeable, nasty, unpalatable affair.

T. B. FROM ANIMALS

The possibility of human beings catching tuberculosis from dogs, cats, parrots, goats, pigs and monkeys was discussed at a recent meeting in Stockholm of the joint WAO/FAO committee on animal diseases transmissible to man.

The experts noted that tuberculosis infection from cattle had become much less frequent in many countries due to systematic application of the tuberculin test and slaughter of all animals reacting to this test. Public health authorities are paying more attention to other animal sources of tuberculosis, and discussions revealed that, while cats are resistant to the human type, both dogs, parrots and monkeys can contract the disease and pass it on.

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ASIAN FLU

Further outbreaks of Asian flu are likely during the next few years, according to experts attending the recent Stockholm meeting of the World Health Organization Committee on Respiratory Virus Diseases. However, these outbreaks are likely to be milder, the experts say, because of natural resistance to the disease built up last year, when almost half the world's population was affected.

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SPACE FLIGHT TRAINING

The U. S. Air Force is planning the world's first pre-spaceflight training programme at Edwards Air Force Base in California. Specially qualified USAF personnel will go through close simulations of the stresses expected from spaceflight. Their training will take about two years. Careful attention will be paid to the effects of diet on performance and to possible correlation between glandular functions and human abilities to perform unusual requirements.

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Clothes make a man, but, with a woman they merely serve to show how she is made.

BANGALORE MASS MURDERS

S. RAJAGOPALAN

Sriman Belur Srinivasa Iyengar, a prominent advocate and public man of Bangalore, was residing in his bungalow "Ranga Vilas" in Gandhi Nagar extension, Bangalore City. He was reportedly rich and possessed valuable jewellery and other properties.

His family consisted of himself, his second wife Vengadamma, his daughters Rangalakshmi, Ratna and Prasanna and sons Lava and Kusa. His son by his first wife, Muthanna

by name, was insane and was being kept in a separate room. His mother-in-law Singaramma also resided with them. There was a watchman Ramalingam in the employ of the family, and his wife Yellamma also used to do odd jobs in the household.

In the third week of May, 1956, Mr Srinivasa Iyengar had slipped and fallen and consequently he was bedridden. At about that time one day when the family had gone to sleep Singaramma heard the dogs bark and found some

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**D. P. PARTHASARATHY,
Secretary.**

movement inside the house. She put on the light, but found nothing; the intruder had probably taken to his heels. On 5-6-1956 all the members retired to bed at 10 p.m. Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar, who was ailing, took his bed on a cot adjoining the verandah. Vengadamma, Lava, Kusa, Rangalakshmi and Singaramma were sleeping in a room adjoining his bed room on three cots, which were kept close to each other. The door between the hall and the bed room was open. The other two daughters, Ratna and Prasanna, were sleeping in a room near the kitchen block of the house. The doors between the hind portion of the house and the hall and the verandah were also kept open. The watchman Ramalingam was sleeping on the western side of the verandah of the house. The jewellery and other valuables were kept in the iron safe which were fixed in the wall of the treasury room. Earlier in the day Vengadamma, wife of Srinivasa Iyengar, had invited Yellamma to do some job on the next morning in the house.

On the morning of 6-6-1956 at about 6 a.m. Yellamma accompanied by another came to Ranga Vilas. They found the front gate closed, but the side gate was a bit ajar. They entered the compound through that gate. Yellamma went into the verandah of the house and found that the main door of the house was open. But none of the inmates were, strange to say, moving about. She went to see Ramalingam, her husband, but to her horror discovered him lying dead in a pool

of blood, with bleeding injuries on his face, neck and head. She immediately raised a hue and cry. Ratna, Srinivasa Iyengar's daughter, came out to see what the matter was. She found that the front door of the house was open and that one of the bars of the window on the left side of the verandah of the house had been wrenched out of the socket. She rushed to the verandah and found Ramalingam in a pool of blood. She then proceeded to the bed room of her mother and found Vengadamma and her twin brothers Lava and Kusa lying dead in their beds in pools of blood with a number of injuries on their necks and their heads. She saw her sister Rangalakshmi sitting leaning against the wall, close to the entrance of the store room, with a number of bleeding injuries and unconscious. She then rushed to her father's room, but the sight was no less horrifying. He was covered with blood, with a number of injuries on his head, face and neck. He was not dead yet but unconscious. Then she ran to one of the out-houses and appraised the inmates of the grim happenings. Meanwhile she inspected the store room and found that the iron safe, almirah and other trunks had all been ransacked. The boxes had been emptied of the family jewellery and cash and the clothing and silverware scattered all round the room. At this stage Prasanna, her sister, came into the room. The police were contacted soon after and an ambulance van was also requisitioned to take Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar and Rangalakshmi to the hospital. The sub-inspector

come to the building with a pose of constables. He saw a crow bar leaning against the wall in the bed room of Vengadamma, an iron rod and a bread knife on her bed. The crow bar and the iron rod were blood stained. The electric lights in the store room and the treasury room were burning and the doors of the iron safes and the almirah were all open.

The Inspector arrived at 7 a.m. along with the ambulance van. He had also summoned the finger print expert and the police photographer, to examine the footprints. They examined minutely the impressions on the several articles scattered in the room including the weapons found on the cots, and on the switch in the store room. Impressions were found on nineteen of them and they were photographed and then taken to the laboratory. He got from Ratna a list of the family jewellery. The house dog was found lying on the verandah in a dazed condition and was removed to the veterinary hospital. The investigating group found that a man could enter through the opening in the window and discovered a hammer kept on a chair with half portions of cinema tickets.

Post mortem examination over the bodies was then proceeded with. At the request of the police the finger tips of all the deceased were cut out and sent to the police for the purpose of comparison with the lateat impressions of the silverware that might be deciphered by the experts. Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar succumbed to his injuries on the same day. Rangalakshmi made

AMRUTANJAN



FOR

All aches and
Pains

a very slow recovery but with disastrous affects on her general appearance. No clue was available regarding the perpetrators of this shocking outrage of unparalleled atrocity. But something happened within 48 hours which set the police on the scent.

About midnight on 8-6-1956 Duffadar Vedagiri on petrol duty at Seshadripuram proceeding in a van observed a person moving about in suspicious circumstances in that road at that hour. He was carrying a bundle and when it was seized and examined a crow bar was discovered. He was later identified as an old

convict, one Chenna, and was marched off to the police station. He was interrogated by the police and he revealed that he had come to the city a fortnight back and had been attempting along with Krishnan and Munnu-swami of Ulsoor to commit burglary in the house of Mr. B. Srinivasa Iyengar.

Immediately the police accompanied by Chenna went in the direction of Krishnan's house in Gurumurti lane by the side of Ramakrishna Math Road. Krishnan was not in then and they waited in mufti. Some time later he came in his motor cycle and he was arrested immediately and taken to the police station. His person was searched, a sum of Rs. 1065 and a bunch of keys and two cash bills were found and they were seized. Krishnan then took the police to his residence, and opened the trunks. He produced a large number of jewels and a bundle of clothing which was blood stained.

On the very same day, Munnu-swami was arrested near a toddy shop in the city. Some articles of jewellery and cash were recovered from him also and a paper packet hid in the oven in his house was also delivered to them. The packet contained some articles of jewellery. Another one, Govinda Reddi, was arrested on the evening of 10-6-1956 near the taxi stand in the city market somewhat dramatically in the midst of a big crowd. His person was searched and out of his knicker pocket, three items of jewellery, to wit, a pair of pearl bangles set with red stones and a neck-

lace with red stones, were recovered. It did not take long for the surviving daughters of Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar to identify all these jewels as belonging to their family.

Meanwhile events were moving fast in another direction and some more pieces of evidence were forthcoming. The finger print expert, who had taken 19 articles, examined them in the laboratory. The finger impressions on some of the silverwares were enlarged and sent up to the police. They were then compared with those taken from the finger tips cut out from the dead bodies. They did not tally. Thereupon the finger prints of Krishnan, Munnu-swami and Govinda Reddi who were then in the police lock-up were obtained and when compared were found to tally with the latent impressions taken from the silver. It, therefore, became obvious that they had handled the silver vessels, which were found scattered in the store room of Ranga Vilas on the morning of 6-6-1956. There were fifteen common characteristics between the impressions on the articles and the impressions of the right middle finger of Govinda Reddi, the middle finger of Krishnan and the right thumb of Munnu-swami.

It soon transpired that all the three who are close relations were acting in intimate contact for some days previous to the killings. Krishnan and Munnu-swami were seen together at 2 p.m. on 5-6-56 and they along with Govinda Reddi were noticed at a coffee hotel at 8 p.m. At a fuel shop nearby, they had kept the motor

cycle of Krishnan and had gone and they appear to have returned at 4-30 a.m. and taken it away. At 2 p.m. Krishnan and Munuswami had been to another shop and had purchased one crow bar for Rs. 1.50 and an iron rod for Rs. 3. These were proved to be those which were found in the bed room of Vengadamma. It was elicited that all the three had long been planning to raid Ranga Vilas. They had assembled at Krishnan's concubine's house in Ramakrishna Math Road and discussed their plans. Govinda Reddi mooted the proposal to ransack the house on Tuesday and he was upbraided in vain by Jayamma, the concubine of Krishnan, for the nefarious design but she was told to mind her own business by Krishnan. At 7-30 p.m. Krishnan left his house after doing puja and he carried with

him a knife used for cutting vegetables. Then at cock-crowing time Krishnan and Munuswami returned to the house. They were carrying two trunks and some blood-stained clothing. They bundled up the soiled clothes and hid the bundle in the backyard. Some distribution of the loot appears to have been effected between them almost immediately. Govinda Reddi called on Krishnan on the following day. He was conducted into the puja room and some portion of the jewellery in the trunks was handed over to him by Krishnan. The next day Krishnan describing himself as Narasappa had effected the sale of a gold ingot weighing 11 tolas for a price of Rs. 1143. When he was arrested, a cash sum of Rs. 1065 and two cash bills were found on his person. These bills evidenced the

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purchase, subsequent to the murder, of a woollen suit, an almirah and a cot which were found unpacked in his residence. From the trunk an amount of Rs. 3900 was also recovered. A blood-stained cloth buried under the hedge in the backyard was seized ; and after a good deal of searching a knife was recovered from the well. Mammalian blood was visible on it.

It was perfectly evident that the jewellery which consisted amongst others of a gold cup with the initials "B S." presented long ago by a grateful client, and a gold wrist watch with the inscription "BSV" (Belur Srinivasa Iyengar—Vengadamma) were robbed from Ranga Vilas. Govinda Reddi's house in Gandhi Nagar was searched on 10-6-1956. A blood-stained "panch" was found in an almirah in his bed room. This was found to contain human blood. He said it was his wife's who had been confined but why should she keep it in the almirah? All these circumstances clearly indicated that the three persons had long been planning to raid Ranga Vilas and were prepared to meet any eventuality in carrying out their nefarious design by reason of the nature of the weapons they had used. The doctors found a good number of lacerated and incised injuries on the upper portions of the bodies of the murdered persons ; and death in each case was due to shock as a result of profuse haemorrhage and of the fracture of the bones on the skull. There could be no manner of doubt that

these were caused by the crow bar and knife which were found at the scene of the crime.

There were of course no eye witnesses to prove the grim happenings. The only one who could speak to the facts was Rangalakshmi. But she was not in a fit condition to give evidence. She had multiple fracture of the bones of the skull and of the mandible with severe concussion, irritation and compression—a condition indistinguishable from retrograde amnesia.

The prosecution examined 116 witnesses, chief of whom was Krishnan's concubine Jayamma, who really had no motive to speak untruth to implicate her lover on a false charge. Krishnan and Munnuswami did not produce any witnesses but Govinda Reddi examined three. Though, as stated, direct evidence was not forthcoming, enough was proved to show that the three accused had long been planning and finally succeeded in carrying out their carnage and profited themselves by the loot. This was corroborated by the very many incriminating circumstances which were decisive in bringing home the guilt to each one of them. The Sessions Judge, Bangalore, found them guilty and sentenced them to death. Both the High Court and the Supreme Court concurred in that decision. And thus was closed a most sordid crime in the history of humanity.

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She: Before we were married you used to say that there wasn't anyone in the world like me.

He: Yes, and now I can only hope there isn't.

In The Land of Rakshasas

Ma Chun was the son of a merchant. A handsome, unconventional lad, he loved singing and dancing; and his habit of mixing with actors and wearing a silk handkerchief on his head made him look as beautiful as a girl and won him the nickname Handsome. At the age of fourteen he entered the prefectoral school, where he was winning quite a name for himself when his father, growing old, decided to retire.

"Son," said the old man, "books cannot fill your belly or put a coat on your back. You had better follow your father's trade."

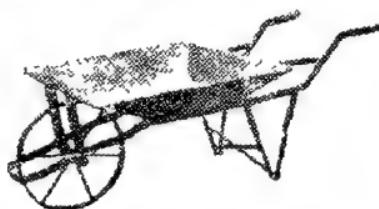
Ma, accordingly, turned his hand to business.

While on a sea voyage with other traders, Ma was carried off by a typhoon. After several days and nights he reached an island where all the inhabitants were appallingly ugly; yet at the sight of him they exclaimed in horror, "Oh, what an ugly monster," and fled in terror. At first Ma was terrified by their hideous looks but soon discovered that they were even more afraid of him.

Ma made his way to a mountain village and rested under a tree. The villagers gazed at him from a distance, not daring to approach; but realizing after some time that he would not eat them, they began to draw nearer, and Ma addressed them with a

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smile. Although they spoke a different tongue he could understand something of what they said. And when Ma told them that he came from China, the villagers were pleased and spread the news that this stranger was not a cannibal after all.

When Ma inquired the name of their country, they told him that it was the Great Kingdom of Rakshasas, and that their capital lay about ten miles to the north. And upon Ma's expressing a desire to be conducted there, they set off with him the next day at cock-crow and reached the city at dawn. The city walls were made of stone as black as ink, with towers and pavilions a hundred feet high. Red stones were used for tiles. They arrived as the court was rising, in time to see official equipages. The villagers pointed out the prime minister, and Ma saw that his ears drooped forward in flaps, he had three nostrils, and his eyelashes covered his eyes like a screen. He was followed by some riders whom the villagers said were privy councillors. They informed Ma of each man's rank; and, although all the officials were ugly the lower their rank the less hideous they were.

When Ma turned to leave, the citizens of the capital saw him and snouted in terror and started flying in all directions as if he were an ogre. Only when the villagers assured them that there was nothing to be afraid of did these city people dare stand at a distance to watch. By the time he got back, however, there was not a man, woman or child in the country but knew that a man-monster was there, so all the

gentry and officials were curious to see him and asked the villagers to fetch him. But as he passed along the streets doors were slammed in his face and men and women alike dared only peep at him through cracks and comment on him in whispers. Not a single one had the courage to invite him in.

Then the villagers told him: "There is a captain of the imperial guards here who was sent abroad on a number of missions by our late king. He has seen much of the world and he may not be afraid of you."

So they called on the captain, and he was genuinely pleased to meet Ma, treating him as an honoured guest. Ma saw that his host, who looked like a man of ninety, had protruding eyes and a beard like a hedgehog's.

"In my youth," said the captain, "His Majesty sent me to many countries, but never to China. Now at the age of one hundred and twenty, I have been fortunate enough to meet one from your honourable country! I must report this to the king. Living in retirement, I have not been to the court for more than ten years; but I will go there for your sake early to-morrow morning."

He plied Ma with food and drink, showing him every courtesy. After they had drunk a few cups of wine, a dozen girls came in to dance and sing in turn. They looked like devils, but wore white silk turbans and long red dresses which trailed on the ground; and Ma, who could not understand the performance or the songs, found the music weird in the extreme. His host, how-

ever, listened appreciatively and asked eventually whether China could boast equally fine music. Receiving an affirmative answer, the old man begged him to sing a few bars. So, beating time on the table, Ma obliged with a tune.

"How strange!" exclaimed the captain, delighted. "It is like the cries of dragons. I have never heard anything resembling this before."

The following day the old man went to the court to recommend Ma to the king, who decided to summon him for an audience. But when two ministers declared that Ma's revolting appearance might shock His Majesty, the king changed his mind. The captain, quite upset, returned to tell Ma of the failure of his mission.

One day, after Ma had stayed with the captain for some days, under the influence of wine he smeared his face with coal dust to perform a sword dance.

"You must appear before the prime minister with your face painted like that," urged the captain, who admired this disguise immensely. "He is sure to patronize you, and will certainly give you a big salary."

"It is all very well to disguise oneself in fun," protested Ma with a laugh. "But how can I play the hypocrite for the sake of personal gain?"

He gave in, however, when his host insisted.

Then the captain invited a number of high officials to a banquet, and bade Ma paint his face in readiness. When the

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guests arrived and Ma was called out to meet them, they were all amazed.

"How strange!" they cried. "He used to be so ugly; but now he is quite handsome."

Drinking together, they were soon on the best of terms; and when Ma danced and sang country tunes, they were delighted. The very next day they recommended him to the king, who summoned him to court to question him about the government of China. And his diplomatic answer pleased the king so much that a feast was held in Ma's honour in the pleasure palace.

"I hear that you are skilled in music," said the king as they were drinking. "Will you perform for me?"

Ma immediately rose to dance and sing vulgar tunes, wearing a white turban in imitation of the girls; and the king was so amused that he promptly appointed him a privy councillor, thereafter dining with him frequently and showing him extraordinary favour.

As time went on, however, the other officials realized that Ma's face was painted. Wherever he went, people whispered behind his back or treated him coldly; and such isolation made him uneasy. He addressed a memorial to the throne, requesting permission to retire; but the king refused, granting him only three months' leave. Ma then went back in a carriage loaded with gold and jewels to the mountain village, where the villagers had helped him first, and, amidst thunderous applause distributed his wealth among his

old friends.

"We are humble people," they said, "yet Your Grace has treated us so kindly! When we go to the Sea Market, we shall look for some precious objects to repay you."

Ma asked where this market was.

"It is a market in the middle of the ocean," they told him, "where mermaids from all the seas bring their jewels and merchants from all the twelve countries around come to trade. Deities frolic there among the coloured clouds and tossing waves; but rich men and high officials will not risk the journey, commissioning us to buy treasures for them instead. The time for the market is at hand."

"How do you know the date?" demanded Ma.

They explained that red birds flew over the ocean seven days before the market; but when Ma asked them when they were going to start, and whether he might go with them, the villagers begged him not to take such a risk.

"I am a sailor," protested Ma. "The wind and waves hold no terrors for me."

Some days later the villagers loaded their wares and boarded a vessel capable of carrying several dozen men. This was a flat-bottomed boat surrounded by a high railing; and with ten men at the oars it cut through the water like an arrow. After a voyage of three days they could make out in the distance, between the moving clouds and water, pavilions rising one behind the other and busy traffic of trading junks. By and by they came to a city, which had walls made of bricks as long

as a man's body, and a citadel towering to the sky. Here they moored their boat and went ashore to inspect the treasure displayed in the market—precious stones which dazzled the eye, seldom seen in the world of men.

Then a young man rode up, and all the market people hastened to make way for him, crying that this was the Third Prince of Tungyang. The prince's eye fell on Ma as he passed, and he exclaimed.

"This stranger is not from these parts!"

Ma, bowing, said that he came from China:

"A kind fate has favoured us with your visit!" cried the prince with a smile. He gave Ma a horse and bade him ride with him out of the West Gate. Upon reaching the shore, their steeds neighed and leapt into the waves; but as Ma cried out in dread the sea parted to form a wall of water on either side; and presently a palace came into sight. It had rafters of tortoise shell and tiles of fish scales, while its dazzling walls of bright crystal reflected all around. Here they dismounted, and Ma walked into the presence of the dragon king who was seated on his throne.

"In the market I came across a talented man from China," the prince reported. "I have brought him here to Your Majesty."

Ma stepped forward to bow to the ground.

The dragon king summoned all his kinsmen to feast at the Palace of Rosy Clouds, and, when the wine had circulated freely, raising a goblet in one hand he said to Ma: "My beloved daughter is still unmarried. I would like to

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entrust her to you, if you have no objection."

Ma rose, blushing, and stammered out his thanks. At once the dragon king gave an order to his attendants, and presently palace maids led in the princess whose jade pendants tinkled as she walked. Trumpets and drums sounded for the wedding ceremony, and Ma, stealing a look at his bride, found her divinely beautiful. After the ceremony the princess left the hall; and, the feast at an end, two maids holding painted candles led Ma into the inner palace. There the princess was sitting, magnificently arrayed. The bridal bed was of coral,

studded with jewels, the curtains were adorned with coloured feathers and decked with huge pearls, and the bedding was soft and scented.

In the palace grew a jade tree, so large that a man could barely encircle it with his arms. The trunk was as transparent as glass and pale yellow in the centre; the branches were slighter than a human arm; and the jasper leaves little thicker than a coin, cast a fine checkered shade. Ma and his bride often recited poems under this tree, which bore a profusion of blossoms like gardenias. Whenever a petal fell it made a tinkling sound, and picked up proved to be as lovely and bright as carved red agate. Often a strange bird would come to sing there. Its feathers were gold and green, its tail longer than its entire body, and its flute-like voice so clear and plaintive that none who heard it could fail to be moved. Whenever Ma listened to its song, he was carried back in spirit to his native land.

Several years passed. One day Ma said to the princess:

"I have been away from my home and my beloved parents for years. The thought of this makes tears well to my eyes and perspiration start out on my back. Will you accompany me home?"

"An immortal must not live like a mortal," she replied. "I cannot go with you, but neither would I let the love of husband and wife stand in the way of your love for your parents. Let us consider this again later."

Hearing this, Ma could not refrain from tears, and the princess sighed.

"It is clear that you cannot

have both wife and parents," she said.

Next day, when Ma returned to the palace from an outing, the dragon king addressed him:

"I hear that you are longing for your home," he said. "Would you like to leave to-morrow?"

Ma thanked the king earnestly.

"Your servant came here as a stranger," he said, "yet you have conferred such honours upon me that I am overwhelmed with gratitude. I shall go to pay my family a short visit, but I hope to return again."

That evening when the princess prepared a parting feast, Ma spoke once more of his proposed return.

"Ah, no," said she. "We can never meet again."

Ma, hearing this, was overcome with grief.

"To go back to your parents shows true filial piety," the princess assured him. "Fate holds endless encounters and separations, and a hundred years pass like a single day; then why give way to tears like children? I mean to remain true to you, and I am sure you will be faithful to me. Loving each other in far distant places, we can still be one in spirit: there is no need to remain together morning and night. I have something to ask you, too. I am now with child, and I would like you to choose a name for it."

"If it is a girl," said Ma, "call her Dragon Palace. If a boy, Happy Sea."

Then the princess asked him for a token, and he gave her a pair of red cornelian lilies he had obtained in the land of the Rakshasas.

"Three years from now, on the eighth day of the fourth moon," she charged him, "sail into the south sea and I shall give you your child." Then she handed him a fish-scale bag filled with jewels, saying: "Keep this well. It will support your family for generations."

At dawn the dragon king held a farewell feast for Ma and bestowed many other gifts on him after which Ma bid them all adieu and left the palace escorted by the princess in a carriage drawn by white rams. But as soon as he reached the ocean's shore and dismounted the princess said farewell and turned swiftly away, the sea waves closing over her as she disappeared. Then Ma returned home.

Everybody believed that Ma had been lost at sea, so his family was amazed at his return. His parents were well, but his wife had married again. His father urged him to marry another wife, but he refused. He kept in mind the date, and three years

later sailed south again until he saw two children on the ocean's bosom, gambolling and frolicking upon the waves. As he drew near and leant over them, one child seized his arm with a laugh and leapt on to his knee, while the other cried out as if to reproach him for neglecting it. When he had pulled the second child aboard too, he saw that one was a boy and the other a girl. They were beautiful children. Fastened to their coloured hats were his red cornelian lilies, and on the boy's back he found an embroidered bag containing the following letter:

"I know that your parents are well. Three years have slipped quickly away while we have been separated by the ocean, with no bluebird to carry our messages. I long for you in my dreams, gazing in grief at the azure sky. Yet even the goddess of the moon pines in loneliness under the cassia tree, and the Weaving Maid grieves as she watches the Milky Way which separates her

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love. Why should I alone enjoy wedded happiness? This thought makes me smile at my tears. Two months after you left I gave birth to twins, who can now prattle and laugh in my lap, and hunt for dates and pears. Since they can manage without a mother now, I am sending them to you, and you will know them by the red cornelian lilies which you gave me. When you take them on your knee, you may imagine that I am beside you. It comforts me to know that you have kept faith; and I too shall remain true to you until death. I no longer rouge or powder my face or darken my eyebrows before the mirror. You are the wanderer and I the loving wife at home: but even though we cannot be together, we remain husband and wife. I feel it is wrong, though, that your parents should have their grand-children without meeting their daughter-in-law; so next year when your mother leaves the world, I shall come to the burial and pay my respects. After that, if all goes well with Dragon Palace it may be possible to meet again; and if Happy Sea remains well, a path may be found for a visit. Please take good care of yourself. This letter cannot express all that I want to say."

Ma read and reread this letter, weeping, until the two children put their arms around his neck and said: "Father! Can we go home?"

Pierced to the heart, he fondled them, asking: "Where is our home?"

The children whimpered, and

cried for their mother. And Ma gazed at the wild expanse of ocean stretching boundless to the horizon; but no princess appeared, nor any road through the misty waves. There was nothing for it but to take the children home.

Knowing now that his mother's death was near, Ma made everything ready for her funeral, and planted a hundred pine trees in the ancestral graveyard. The next year, when his mother died and the interment took place, a woman appeared beside the grave in deep mourning. As they gazed at her in wonder, a wind sprang up, thunder crashed and rain poured down, and the woman disappeared. But many of the pine trees planted by Ma, which had withered, revived after this rain.

When Happy Sea grew bigger, he still missed his mother; and once he disappeared suddenly into the sea, returning only several days later. But Dragon Palace, being a girl, could not leave home; and she often wept in her room. One day the sky grew dark, and the dragon princess entered Ma's house to comfort her daughter.

"You will have your own home soon," she said. "Don't cry, child."

She gave the girl as her dowry a tree of coral eight feet high, a packet of camphor, a hundred pearls and two gold boxes set with precious stones. When Ma heard of her coming, he rushed in and took her hands, weeping. But with a clap of thunder the princess vanished. —*Chinese Literature.*

Children need love, especially when they do not deserve it.

BURMESE MARRIAGE

REBA LEWIS

There is a famous Burmese proverb which states: "Monks and hermits are beautiful when they are lean; four-footed animals when they are fat; men when they are learned; and women when they are married." And married women in Burma can be beautiful, for not only are they loved—which is not unusual for married women anywhere in the world—but they are also economically and socially independent—which in South-East Asia gives them a singularly unique position.

When a Burmese girl marries she does not change her name. If she is a doctor or a lawyer, she is not expected to abandon her profession and spend the rest of her life in the kitchen. If her husband is in business she soon becomes his partner. This is so customary that under Burmese Buddhist law the wife's earnings after marriage are fully protected. If she is unhappy—and that is unusual for most Burmese marriages are spectacularly successful—a divorce is relatively

easy to obtain and carries no stigma. Amongst Burmese Buddhists, when the husband and wife no longer desire to continue the marriage, they may agree to dissolve it. And if the husband dies first, which is a tragedy for any married woman, at least the Burmese widow is assured of receiving the major part of the estate, and there is no social taboo should she decide to marry again.

For centuries, both by law and by tradition, the Burmese women have been masters of their own destiny. And yet these "daughters of dreamers" as they are sometimes called, spend a lifetime preserving the illusion that the husband is lord and master, whereas in reality almost every important decision is made by the wife. Thus, in the day time a Burmese woman shyly walks a few steps behind her husband indicating his superiority, but at night when danger threatens, she goes first carrying a lamp to light his way.

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Even the Burmese wedding ceremony is an indication of the relationship that will exist between the couple, for she does not pledge to "love, honour and obey", and he, in turn, does not assume responsibility for her welfare. The wedding is entirely civil in character and has no religious significance because the Buddhist priests, known as pongyis, having renounced all wordly pleasures, never participate in such ceremonies. But to give the wedding dignity, Manipuri Brahmans, descendants of those brought from Assam when the Burmese King, Anawratha, conquered that part of India, often recite long and romantic verses in Sanskrit or Pali.

Now, it has become more fashionable for an outstanding person in the community to officiate at the wedding ceremony. In elegant and flowery language he praises the grandparents and parents of the couple and then lists, in detail, the attributes of the young people. As he speaks there is constant chatter and laughter among the guests who are more interested in watching the bride than in listening to his eulogy.

Accompanied by their relatives the bride and groom sit next to each other on the carpeted floor of a raised dais. The groom sits on the right, the bride on the left, for in Burma only if he is a commoner and she of royal birth does he sit on the left. They listen with great respect to the speaker. When he was finished his eulogy, he gives to the bride and to the groom a small branch

of thaybe leaves. Taking it in their hands they bow very low. This first bow or "shiko" is to honour the Buddha. After bowing, they place the thaybe leaves in a large silver bowl. This ritual is repeated six times; the second shiko is to honour the teachings of Buddha; the third to honour the póngyis; the fourth to honour the parents; the fifth to honour the teachers and elders; and the last to honour the guests who have come to the wedding.

Then comes the climax when an elderly and devoted couple, who have been married for many years and are known to be happy, place the hands of the bride and groom in a golden bowl filled with water or offer them a drink from the same vessel. Now, they are really married, but to make it more official the master of ceremonies repeats three times in a triumphant and joyous voice: "Aung Byee; Aung Byee! Aung Byee—The marriage has been fulfilled." With this pronouncement, the guests shower the bride and groom with coloured rice and newly minted coins.

After the ceremony the bride is conducted to the bridal chamber, but the groom is prevented from entering. His friends block the way. Finally, in desperation, he gives something to each one who will not let him pass. This token is known as "stone money" for in ancient times if the groom refused to pay the house was stoned. Having placated his friends, he is then allowed to enter the room where his beloved awaits.—*Unesco*,

JAMBUKUMARA

AN ANCIENT JAIN TALE

PURAN CHAND SAMSOOKHA

Long long ago there lived, in the city of Rajagriha, a very wealthy merchant named Rishabhadatta. His wife, Dharinidevi, bore him a son who was named Jambukumara. Jambu was the only son of the merchant. In his boyhood he was brought up and educated in the different branches of knowledge as perfectly as only the son of a rich merchant could ever afford to be. Gradually he attained youth, but the more his youth was blossoming into strength and gracefulness, the more his mind was recoiling from the pleasures and luxuries of life. He steered clear of those various

sense gratifications which rich men's sons normally covet and enjoy.

At that time Sri Sudharma, the fifth Ganadhara and chief Acharya of the Nirgrantha Jain community, who had been initiated by Lord Mahavira himself, was staying on the outskirts of Rajagriha where he had arrived earlier. Jambukumara often used to visit the Acharya, Sudharma Swami, and came under the influence of his teachings. At this Jambu's parents took alarm. Feeling very anxious that their only son might leave home, they began to think of the means of preventing

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it. As an antidote to the young man's strong tendency towards renouncing the worldly life, they arranged for his marriage to eight beautiful, well-educated girls in the first bloom of their youth, each a daughter of a rich merchant. Before the marriage, they had told the parents of the girls about Jambu's distaste for worldly life and that if their daughters failed to cure him of this distaste and if he renounced the world, they (his parents) would not be held responsible for it.

However, Jambu was married to the eight girls. Each of the girls came with eight crore gold coins as dowry, and sat in front of Jambukumara. Their extraordinary beauty, their graceful figures, radiant with youth and lovely with adornments, would have cast an instantaneous spell upon any young man, but Jambukumara, whose mind was fervent with spiritual aspiration, remained absolutely unmoved by the beauty of the young girls and the embellishment of the piled-up gold coins. He had not forgotten the strict vow which he had taken from Acharya Sudharma Swami of not touching the body of a woman. Silent he sat, quietly reflecting on the transience of the world.

After a while, breaking the silence, Jambukumara addressed these words to his wives: "Let me tell you what happened to me only yesterday. When I was returning from the outskirts of the town I saw that the princes were testing their strength by the road side by throwing iron balls. As I passed by the place, a heavy ball dropped just in front of me. It all but hurt me. If I had

advanced even a step more, the ball would have landed right on my head and killed me. After this incident, I went back to Sri Sudharma Swami pondering over the transitoriness of life, and took a vow from him that so long as my life endured, I must make the best use of it. I was quite unwilling to marry, but was forced to do so by the importunities of my parents."

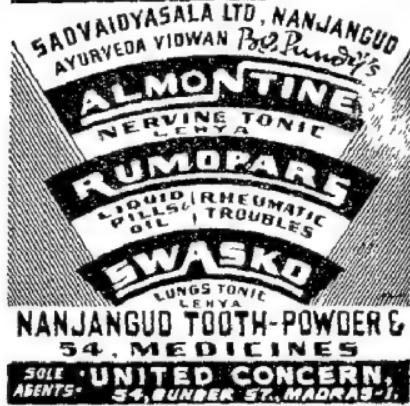
Samudrasree, the oldest of the girls, said: "The incident seems rather to prove that you, sir, the favoured of the gods, have been born with a long span of life for the sake of enjoying the pleasures and comforts of the world."

Jambukumara replied: "I am not in the least afraid of death or accident. What I mean to say is, that so long as the person is alive, so long as he is strong enough to work, he should employ all his capacities for the good of the soul, for the good of others, for the good of the whole world. Human life, which is so difficult of attainment, should not be squandered away in voluptuous pleasures. From the moment I was fortunate enough to meet Sri Sudharma Swami and learn about the ideal of his life, which is full of spiritual aspiration and renunciation and dedicated to the good of the world, I have fixed the goal of my life. I have not the slightest craving for the sensual pleasures of life. What consumes me is an intense aspiration for a plunge into the glorious life of renunciation and non-attachment."

Samudrasree: "What you say, sir, is true, but please see that you do not have to repent afterwards like the stupid farmer, Vaka.

Have you, O favoured of the gods, heard of the example of Vaka?" When Jambukumara replied in the negative with a smile, Samudrasree continued: "There was a farmer named Vaka. He had only a few acres of infertile land which produced nothing better than third-rate paddy. He lived on that paddy. One day he went to a relative's house in another village. His relative greeted him with due courtesy and gave him bread and molasses to eat. Vaka had never eaten such food, so he was much pleased and ate with great relish and satisfaction. The new food was so delicious that he was simply charmed by it, and learned from his relative how to grow wheat and sugarcane. Back home, Vaka tilled his land which had been producing only third-rate corn, and sowed wheat and planted sugarcane; but as the land was almost barren and insufficiently irrigated, wheat and sugar did not grow. Repenting of his folly, the stupid farmer died of starvation. So it is up to you, sir, to consider now whether or not you run the risk of losing both the worlds, if you give up the real pleasures of the present in your avidity for the great happiness of the next world."

Jambukumara answered: "Have you not heard of the crow of the Vindhya woods who died in consequence of an extreme greed for food? One day an elephant suddenly dropped dead on the bank of a stream in the Vindhya hills. A crow flew there, sat upon the carcass of the elephant and fell to feeding on its flesh to his heart's content, thinking that he would thus feed on to



eternity. It so happened that soon a great flood came, overflowed the banks of the stream and, carrying the elephant's dead body on its current, flung it into the sea. The crow was so much absorbed in eating that he was not aware of what was happening. When sharks dragged down the elephant's body into the sea, the foolish crow looked in vain for a

refuge and lost his life in the deep waters. So those who are intensely attached to sense-pleasures are drowned like the crow in the ocean of the world and suffer untold miseries."

Such questions and answers between Jambukumara and his eight brides continued far into the night. At this time a stranger stepped into the room all of a sudden and sat down by the side of Jambukumara, who at once recognized him. It was Prabhava, the leader of a gang of five hundred thieves. Prabhava had stolen into Jambukumara's house with the intention of making off with the numerous wedding gifts that would be there on that night; but he was so much absorbed in the talk between Jambukumara and his wives which he overheard that he forgot all about stealing.

Prabhava was a Kshatriya youth. On account of some impudence on his part, he had been driven out from his house by his father. He then took to stealing as a means of livelihood and came, in course of time, to have five hundred thieves as his followers. People lived in constant dread of him.

On seeing Prabhava, Jambukumara said: "All this wealth you can freely take away, nobody will oppose you. I have not the least attachment to it.

Tomorrow morning you will see me roaming about in the town with the beggar's bowl in my hand." As he was listening to Jambukumara's words, Prabhava felt overwhelmed by his spirit of renunciation. At the last word of Jambukumara, he said, his voice choked with emotion, "You have given up all this immense wealth as if it were a mere handful of dust. Though I am an evil-doer, I am not so mean as to steal what has been so nobly renounced. I have overheard all your talk. The darkness of my mind has been dispelled by the influence of your renunciation. From today I abjure this detestable profession of stealing. Nay, my heart has been saturated with the spirit of renunciation, thanks to the power of your holy contact. I too will accept the Shramana initiation from the venerable Sudharma Swami."

The next day, Jambukumara, his parents, his eight wives, his wives' parents, Prabhava and the five hundred thieves of his gang, all received initiation at the hands of the great teacher, Sudharma Swami. After Sudharma Swami's nirvana, the high-souled Jambukumara became the leader of the whole Nirgrantha (Jaina) community. He attained Nirvana at the age of eighty. After him, it was Prabhava Swami who became the leader of the community.

—Divine Life.

COOK

Wife: "Oh, dear, the cook has fallen down and broken her leg."

Absent-minded Professor: "Well, give her notice. You had already warned her what to expect if she broke anything else!"

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A doctor's reputation is made by the number of eminent men who die under his care.

—Bernard Shaw.

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GHOSTS & APPARITIONS

This is the fourth article in the series wherein the author explains the phenomena to ghosts and poltergeists.

M. P. PANDIT

A ghost may be described as the appearance of a dead person which impinges upon the senses - eye or ear - of the living. But there are ghosts and ghosts. For, some of them are no ghosts at all but simply apparitions which are the result of anticipatory fear, formation of one's own thought. There are, on the other hand, genuine visits as when the departing soul in its subtle body chooses to cross before one, leaving its image or producing a voice. In between there are other kinds.

There may be a strong desire on the part of the dying person at the moment of death to see somebody. This thought-projection can appear in form before the person either at the same time or a little later. In cases of accident or sudden death a strong formation of thought or feeling of the departed is left in the atmosphere where the end takes place and it continues to be active there either till it dwindles of itself or is dissolved by other means. Such a formation goes on vibrating in that environment giving rise to the phenomenon of 'haunted' locality.

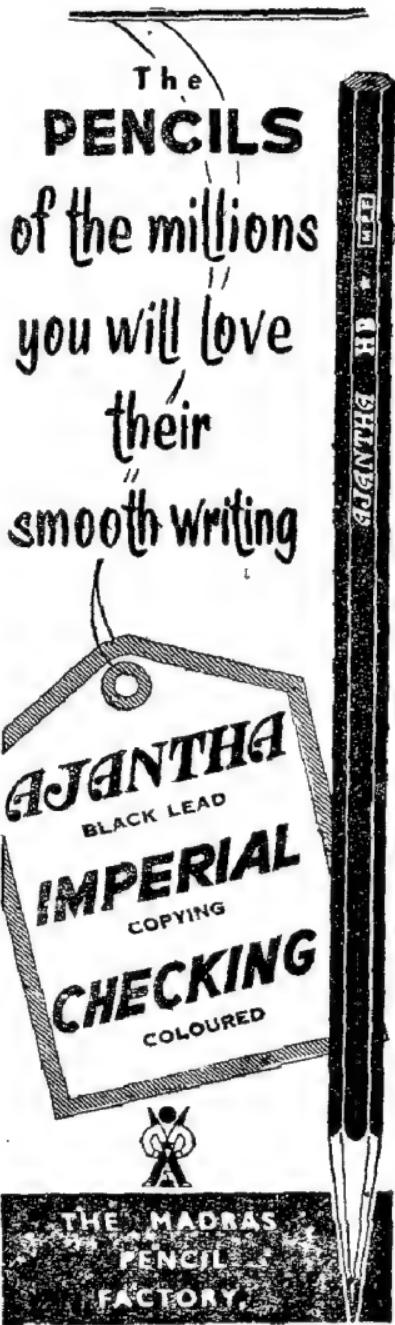
It is also possible that a being from the lower vital may choose the cast away vital sheath of the dead or part of it and appear

on earth in that form. Or it may be that extreme passions like hatred, anger, revenge etc. may goad some part of the vital personality to return to the earth to rid itself of their intensities by working them out in the environment which gave them rise. And lastly there is the phenomenon of vital beings taking possession of people under false claims of being their dead relatives.

It is to be noted that contact with the departed being is possible only when it is in the worlds nearer to the earth-atmosphere. But to establish contact with it one has to be an adept in occult practice. What passes for contact in seances of mediums, automatic writing etc., is rarely genuine. Mostly it is the beings or spirits of the other world who masquerade as the wanted person and misguide those below, amusing themselves in the affair. They pick up something of the remnants of memories and associations from the discarded vital sheath of the departed, or draw upon the subconscious being of the person seeking the contact and talk knowledgeably. Or at times it is the suggestions from the subconscious parts of the medium or the sitters that are responsible for what is heard or talked, without any intervention.

from above. It may also be remembered that, except in rare cases, the soul does not tarry in the earth-atmosphere for long periods. It is said to be never more than three years.

Next we come to what is known as poltergeist phenomenon. It consists of movement of objects without any physical cause. Jumping of inanimate things like chairs, tables, utensils, the swish and fall of stones without any one throwing them about etc. come under this category. There are, as we have noted, several grades of being and consciousness with their corresponding grades of substance and energy in the Cosmos. It is possible, by appropriate processes, to convert one state of substance and energy into another state - all being ultimately formulations of the one Being and Consciousness. Thus a gross substance can be subtilised; a material object may be treated to a process by which its materiality is finely reduced, dematerialised. So also a subtle and physically invisible substance can be materialised. The know-how of this process is part of the Occult knowledge. It consists in the fuller exploitation of the power of Mind-energy and Life-energy over Matter. It is thus possible for those who know the process, or at least know the formula to set the process in operation, to cause poltergeist activity precipitating subtler substances into gross physical state or by activating and directing the mental or vital energies in such a manner as to cause levitation. It is also possible in another way. There are a



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certain class of spirits, elemental beings, who have it in their power to materialise and dematerialise things from their abode above. These spirits are not harmful or wicked by nature. They can be summoned to act on the physical plane by certain means known to the practicants of the occult science.

Occasionally these spirits may act without any provocation from here, out of sheer mischief. At times people miss things and it is impossible to trace them even after the most gruelling search; all of a sudden the things are later found in the most obvious places. Some are benevolent and helpful as in the instance of the personage who suddenly felt as if someone was scratching her foot, she looked round—there was nobody but she saw that the milk on the stove was about to boil over.

It goes without saying that the operations of these beings can be controlled or stopped by one who has the requisite occult knowledge to counter the move that has called them into activity.

There is another class of phenomena variously called hypnosis, mesmerism etc., the common feature of its various species being the exercise of control over the movements of another without his consent or knowledge. These are usually the workings of a consciousness trained and raised to a considerable pitch of power.

Normally man is aware of only a part, the surface part of himself. We may call this awareness of himself as his active or waking consciousness. But

there are large tracts of his being of which he is not so aware. Yet those parts have a consciousness of their own and we get glimpses of it during sleep or other periods when the normal consciousness is at rest or suspended. This belt of consciousness behind the surface awareness of the mind is called the subliminal consciousness. Though it is not directly active in the frontal being it is its support and reservoir. All the sense-contacts, all impressions and memories are there stored in its layers and they rise up to the surface when the other mind seeks for them. Its range is much wider. In fact the active mentality is only a projection, a superficies of the vast extension of consciousness in man, the subliminal. This subliminal is not merely behind the outer consciousness; it extends deep below the level of the conscious mind even as it rises high above it. These ranges of the subliminal being and consciousness are respectively termed the sub-conscious and the super-conscious. These ranges of consciousness are ever active, but behind the veil. It is only when the activity of the limited mind is quieted or suspended that the consciousness on the deeper levels moves forward and begins to act overtly.

It is this subliminal that feeds the little conscious self in the front. Man thinks that all his thought-movements originate in his mind; but in fact most of them are only waves that rise to the surface from the deeper sea of the subliminal behind. It is this truth of the subliminal being more powerful and extensive

than the surface active consciousness that is seized upon and forms the pivot of hypnosis and cognate phenomena. For what happens in them is the active consciousness of the subject is suspended by a concentrated will-power and this subliminal is released into operation. Thereafter the required suggestions are directed and sown into this larger consciousness. Received into the subliminal they find their way later into the outer consciousness and effectuate themselves. Similarly, on the suspension of the rigid functioning of the normal mental faculties, the freer ranges of the subliminal deliver up their contents with a readier response un-inhibited by restrictions of any kind.

However, nobody can be hypnotised if he has a will not to be hypnotised. If the will be strong, it is extremely difficult to subdue the resistance; even if it be anyhow neutralised, in the waking state, it is bound to prevail in the deeper levels of the being. Another point to be noted is that in this kind of phenomenon as also in those others considered earlier, it is fear that creates an opening to these outside movements to produce an affect in oneself. If there be no fear, no being or force however malevolent from any world can

The more intently you think of the well-being of others, the more oblivious of self you become. In this way, as gradually your heart gets purified by work, you will come to feel the truth that your own Self is pervading all beings and all things.

— Swami Vivekananda.

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People talk about killing time but it is time that kills people. The right way to kill time is to work it to death.

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THE BLUE VASE

K. V. SIRKHEEL

Nothing pleases a man more than to please a woman who is hard to please. It seems to be a special charm and privilege of femininity that a woman more than man is hard to please. She is perhaps made so by Nature so as to tame the animal in man and to be a perpetual reminder and challenge to his sense of decorum and courtesy to extract from him that worship which is her due. Anyway I have found women more interesting who are hard to please than those who phlegmatically accept whatever is given them and go about their work with a song of unqualified approval on their lips.

Only the other day my fiancee celebrated her birthday with great eclat. She had informed me about her coming birthday and had invited me to her house for the evening party. I accepted her invitation with chivalrous pleasure. I thought I should give her something for her birthday, something that would please her immensely and be a constant reminder of the affection and love I had towards her. I could not at first decide as to what I should present her, for I must confess that I had no opportunity in my life of giving any presents on such occasions. I suddenly hit upon the idea that I should present a flower vase; for one thing she did not have a flower vase in her drawing-room, for another it would constantly remind her of myself whenever she kept flowers in it. So I entered a Chinaman's shop, not as a bull,

to be sure, but gently and the shop was noted for its imported China wares. I spent quite a good deal of time in choosing the most beautiful vase my aesthetic mind could suggest and at last chose one to my liking. It was a large blue flower vase which I thought she would like to have to decorate the mantelpiece in her drawing room.

Promptly I arrived at her house to attend the party and parked my car beneath a beautiful Raintree. I took out the big cardboard box from the back seat of my car and gave it to her. She took the box inside and started untying the red ribbon knot with which it was tied. She felt glad at seeing it and said she just liked to have such a fine thing there in the centre of the mantelpiece. On closer scrutiny she felt the pale blue of the vase harmonised quite well with the walls and painting, the golden pickings were delightful on its neck and bottom. And then about the decoration on it. It was a beautiful Chinese legend of an irate mandarin hastening down a rustic bridge over a stream in a great state of feeling, with his pig-tails flying in the air and skinny moustaches lashing on either side of his excited face, with his out-stretched hand holding a whip to protest against the elopement of his beautiful daughter with a commoner, her lover in a boat down the stream. The lovely little lass was half hidden in the lover's embrace and the sympathetic boatman was vigorously pulling

the oars to speed up their flight.

"It is a beautiful theme, isn't it?" I asked. "Look at the outraged father down the bridge with his whip and look at the thrill on the faces of the lovers. What does the lover mean by stretching out his right hand while he holds the girl to him by his left? Is he not shaking his fist at the irate, angry father-in-law?"

"Shaking the fist," said she, "may be an English way of protest or defiance. I guess it's a Chinese way of saying 'Ta Ta'."

"Well, whatever it is, it is an entrancing legend on the vase," I said and felt proud of my purchase.

"Not quite," she said. "Because people would come and want to know more of the picture on the vase than to look at it as a thing of beauty by itself. You could have bought one which did not have such an exciting picture on it. One with a simpler decoration of a bunch of flowers or fruits would have been more to my liking."

That was a knock-out blow to my choice!

"Oh! I did not think of it," I said.

"You men don't think at all," said she somewhat dryly. "Such small things do count in choosing a decoration. You think we are critical, hard to please. But if you know how much a woman has to put up with a man's obtuseness through life you wouldn't judge us so harshly and think us exacting and unreasonable."

There was some truth after all in what she said and I agreed not to differ!



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DICKENS ON LAWYERS

Sometimes it happens that a few innocent words lead a person into trouble and even land him in a law suit. Here is a classic example from Charles Dickens' *Pickwick Papers*. It is such a humorous episode that it will be read with interest by all.

V. G. RAMACHANDRAN, M.A., B.L.

One such situation Dickens portrays in the immortal episode of *Bardell vs. Pickwick*. The former, a buxom widow, the landlady of Mr. Pickwick, the inimitable bachelor, was not apparently disinclined for a second try at matrimony. But Mr. Pickwick was a robust Englishman, the pink of courtesy, having decided views on the efficacy of bachelordom. However, he puts himself into a dilemma by his kind enquiries of Master Bardell which verily drags him into an action for alleged breach of marriage contract and damages. This is the situation :

Mrs. Bardell is dusting the room. The good Mr. Pickwick enquires of her, "Your little boy is a very long time gone."

Mrs. B : Why it's a good long-way to the Borough sir.

P : Ah, very true; so it is.

Thence some silence. Mr. B. resumes the dusting.

P : Mrs. Bardell.

Mrs. B : Sir ?

P : Do you think it a much greater expense to keep two people than to keep one?

(Note: a harmless question -

not meant to refer to matrimony at all.)

Mrs. B : La, Mr. Pickwick (colouring up to the very border of her cap, as she fancies she observed a species of matrimonial twinkle in the eyes of her lodger.) La, Mr. Pickwick, what a question.

P : Well, but *do* you ?

Mrs. B : That depends a good deal upon the person, you know, Mr. Pickwick; and if it's a saving and careful person, sir.

P : That is very true, but the person I have in my mind (here he looks very hard at Mrs. Bardell) I think possesses these qualities; and has moreover, considerable knowledge of the world, and a great deal of sharpness, 'Mrs. Bardell, which may be of material use to me.

Mrs. B : La, Mr. Pickwick (the crimson rose to her cap border again.)

P : I do indeed (warming up to the theme he had in mind), and to tell you the truth, Mrs. Bardell I have made up my mind.

Mrs. B : Dear me, sir !

P : You will think it very strange now that I never consult-

ed you about this matter and never even mentioned it, till I sent your little boy out this morning — eh ?

(Most compromising words indeed.)

Mrs. Bardell imagines, here is Pickwick proposing to her — for which act, the little boy was sent out to get him out of the way.)

P: Well, what do you think ?

Mrs. B: Oh, Mr Pickwick, you are very kind, sir.

P: It will save you a good deal of trouble, won't it ?

Mrs B: Oh, I never thought anything of the trouble, sir, and of course, I should take more trouble to please you then, than ever; but it is so kind of you, Mr. Pickwick, to have so much consideration for my loneliness.

P: Ah, to be sure. I never thought of that. When I am in town, you'll always have somebody to sit with you; to be sure you will.

Mrs B: I am sure I ought to be a very happy woman.

P: And your little boy...

Mrs B: Bless his heart. (She sobs here.)

P: He too will have a companion, a lively one, who'll teach him, I'll be bound, more tricks in a week than he would ever learn in year. (This was indeed the limit.)

Mrs B: Oh, you, dear. (Mr P. starts.) Oh, you kind, good playful dear ! (Here Mrs. Bardell without more ado flings her arms round Mr. Pickwick's neck with a cataract of tears and a chorus of sobs.)

P: Bless my soul, Mrs. Bardell — dear me — what a situation — pray consider — if any —



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body should come

Mrs. B: Oh, let them come. I will never leave you — dear kind, good soul. (She clings now tighter.)

Mr Pickwick struggles. Master Bardell then enters with some friends of Mr. Pickwick. There is an astonishing scene. There is a sequel. It is petite to mention that Mr. Pickwick was all the while referring to his appointing the versatile Sam Weller as his personal attendant. This Weller was to be the companion to Mrs. Bardell and a playmate to Master Bardell. But Mrs Bardell completely misread the episode as a marriage proposal. Her delusions got dispelled and here it is that Charles Dickens wreaks his venom on scheming lawyers. Messrs Dodson and Fogg, the disreputable legal luminaries, send a notice of claim for damages at fifteen hundred pounds to Pickwick for his alleged breach of contract. Mr. Pickwick yells out, "It is a conspiracy, a base conspiracy between these two grasping attorneys. Mrs. Bardell would never do it — she hadn't the heart to do it. It is a vile attempt to extort money."

Dickens puts the extortion obviously to the initiative and credit of Messrs Dodson and Fogg. Mr. Pickwick like a sport tracts up to the office of these lawyers obviously to have it all straightened out. But are Dodson & Fogg for straightening? They are shrewd men of business. Their clerks, veritable men of pleasure, are not worried about the travails of clients. One of them says, "Mr. Dodson isn't at home, and Mr. Fogg's particularly engaged."

All bunkum! The usual trick in a lawyer's office. Is it the old trick of puffing up of trade?

P: When will Mr. Dodson be back sir?

Clerk: Can't say.

P: Will it be long before Mr. Fogg is disengaged, sir?

Clerk: Don't know.

Then the two clerks whisper, and talk about the great professional exploits of the indefatigable Dodson and Fogg. After a quarter of an hour one of them condescends to took in and then takes Mr. Pickwick to see Mr. Fogg, an elderly, plump-faced, vegetable-diet-sort of man, in a black coat and in Dicken's own language "a kind of being who seemed to be an essential part of the desk at which he was writing and to have as much thought or feeling."

After a few minutes Mr. Dodson, a plump, portly, stern looking man with a loud voice appears.

Fogg: This is Mr. Pickwick.

Dodson: Ah! you are the defendant, sir, in Bardell *vs.* Pickwick?

P: I am, sir.

Dodson: Well sir! and what do you propose?

Fogg (In chorus): Ah! what do you propose Mr. Pickwick?

P: I came, gentlemen to express the surprise with which I received your letter the other day and to inquire the grounds of action you can take against me.

The lawyers look aghast. They explain the grounds seriatum and of their determination to proceed with the action unless damages are settled. Pickwick gets irritated and loses patience,

"And before I go gentlemen permit me to say, that of all the disgraceful and rascally proceedings....."

Here Dickens plays in the situation and caricatures the ravenous and calculated outlook of Dodson and Fogg.

Dodson: Stay sir. Mr. Jackson! Mr Wicks! (The two clerks come.) I merely want you to hear what this gentleman says. Pray go on, sir.

P: I did say, sir, that of all the disgraceful and rascally proceedings that ever were attempted, this is most so.

D: You hear that Mr. Wicks? Perhaps you would like to call us swindlers, sir.

P: I do. You are swindlers.

Fogg: Go on, sir. You had better call us thieves, sir, or perhaps you would like to assault one of us.

Mr. Pickwick would have completed the assault too. But his good servant Sam Weller pulls him and takes him away.

The upshot of all this was that the suit was filed and the jury eventually gave a verdict against Pickwick with damages of £ 750.

But the rebountable Mr. Pickwick refused to pay the damages for he affirmed that he never made the marriage proposal and valiantly entered the civil jail.

Anyone can be a hero when everything goes on smoothly. But he is a true hero who can stand firmly on his own feet even when the whole world acts against him.

That is the test of life.

— Swami Paramananda.

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ADVAITA & THE GITA

VELANDAI

That the central theme of the Bhagavad Gita is Advaita based on the distinction between the Seer and the seen, that the Seer is one Who is all and the seen are many, was emphasised by His Holiness Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi Kamakoti Peetam in his opening discourse on the Gita. He also pointed out that the Gita is known as a Smriti and its source is to be traced to the dialogue between Narada and Sanatkumara in the Chandogya Upanishad, in which Narada is in a like predicament as Arjuna.

His Holiness has been delivering discourses on the Bhagavad Gita every night since July 2nd, 1958 in his camp at the Madras Sanskrit College, Mylapore, where he has been staying for the period of his Chaturmasya.

His Holiness started with Dhyana sloka on the Bhagavad Gita and observed that it was but appropriate that we should study the Bhagavad Gita on the occasion of the Vyasa Puja. The Bhagavad Gita is included in the Mahabharata which was written by Sri Vyasa. The Dhyana sloka refers to the Gita as Bhavatee and Advaitamrita Varshini. Sri Krishna who spoke the Gita is Bhagavan and the Gita itself is Bhagavatee. The Lord's song is as divine as the Lord Himself. According to the Dhyana sloka, the Gita teaches the truth of Advaita. It is Advaitamrita Varshini,



i.e., the central truth [of Advaita is taught again and again [in several contexts throughout [the Gita.

Seer And The Seen

Advaita is based on the fundamental distinction between the seeing subject or Drashta and the seen objects, Drsyam. The Paramatma is the ultimate Seer; all else is the seen. Likewise, in each person, there is the Drshta, the rest which is juxtaposed to it is the Drsyam. Drk is jnana. That jnana is the Paramatma than Whom there is no other Seer. This Drashta which is the inmost self of each person gets connected with the limitations of the Upadhis which constitute the

body extending from the internal organ or the Antahkarana to the external organs from nails of the toes to the hair on the crown. When these limitations are analysed away the residue is pure intelligence. In any process of seeing, it is not the bodily organs that see. It is the Drashta which sees. Generally we speak of the body seeing, but it does so only by virtue of its association

with the Drashta. If an iron pan is said to be hot, it is so only by virtue of the fire which makes it hot. The pan by itself cannot become hot. So also the body sees only in conjunction with the Drashta.

This Drashta is pure Jnana-svaroopam. It does not act. Jnana does not have the function of doing. It is the limbs that can act. The Drashta which

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is Suddha Jnana Svaroopa has not limbs by which it can act or enjoy. So it has neither Kartritva (agency) or Bhoktriva (power of enjoyment). The nature of the Drashta, according to Advaita, is similar to the Purusha in the Sankhya system, who has also no Kartritva. But unlike Advaita, the Sankhya associates Bhoktriva with the Purusha. According to the Gita, he who thinks that the pure Atman is a Karta is Dhurmati, one of perverted understanding.

Like the Paramatma, the Jivatma too has no Kartritva or Bhoktriva. The atman neither acts nor is it affected. When the Atman is spoken of as acting, it is from a point of view, i.e., not affected by the fruit of action. That which acts is not the Atman. Throughout, from start to finish, the Gita repeatedly declares that the inner Atman who is pure Chit never acts. As there is no action, there is no resultant joy and sorrow, Sukha and Dukha. This repeated declaration of the fact that the Atman is not a Karta or Bhokta justifies the description of the Gita as Advaitamrita Varshini, that it rains the nectar of Advaita.

The Lord says: "Kshetrajnam Chapimaam Vidhu Sarva Kshetresha Bharata" It is the one Paramatman, one Chit that appears in different bodies as different Jivas like the same electric current glowing in different forms due to different bulbs. Kshetras (bodies) are different, the Kshetrajna (the Chit) is One. This Chit is the full, the infinite. What is full is one. When what is everywhere is confined within limits, then duality (Dvaitam)

ensues. When it is unconfined, it is Advaitam. The confined Chit too is a Drashta like the unconfined infinite Chit, even as the moon reflected in a basin of water or a pond or a tank is also bright like the moon in the sky.

After expounding this central truth of Advaita, His Holiness proceeded to explain the vishada (grief) of Arjuna in the context of this Advaitic teaching. Arjuna grieves that he has to kill his teachers, kinsmen and friends and so does not wish to fight. He declares that waging war itself is wrong. He looks on it as a sin; for, he argues, the killing of elders in the fight will cause Kulakshaya and that will bring about Dharmanasa and Varna Samhara. If the elders of society who are the guardians and preceptors of kuladharma die, then there will be none to guide the people in the right path, for, those who survive will be the young and inexperienced people, who without proper guidance, are likely to become slaves of their Indriyas and of the promptings of Kama. The girls of the families will be without guides or protection and will go astray. When the women are spoiled, confusion of varnas will be the result and with it there will also arise confusion of dharmas. Where there is no distinction of Varnas, you cannot have distinction of Dharmas appropriate to each Varna. When there ensues Varna Samhara and Dharma Samhara, Daiva Karyam and Pitr Karyam, duty to the gods and to the ancestors, cannot be observed.

To these, the Bhagavan replies: It is only if you do not fight that Varna Samhara will arise, since there will arise, by your example, confusion of Dharmas and consequent confusion of Varnas.

It is to be noted that the Gita begins with a note of grief on the part of Arjuna. The Bhagavan chides him that he grieves over what should not cause grief. His final admonition to him is. Do not grieve. The wise and those who are Atmavits do not grieve over the living or the dead. The Bhagavan, thus through the Gita, instructs Arjuna in Atmajnana to make him get over his grief

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SELF CONDEMNED

A bank robber produced before the court was told by the judge that he could either have the case tried by him alone or before a jury of his peers.

"What's peers?" asked the robber suspiciously.

"Peers are equals," explained the judge. "They are men of your own class—your own kind."

"You try this case by yourself, judge," said the robber. "I don't want to be tried by a bunch of bank robbers."

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CANDID

He was taking a late holiday at the seaside.

On the second morning of his arrival the manager came to his breakfast table.

"Everything satisfactory?" he asked.

"Well, I only wish I had come to this hotel a month ago," replied the guest

"Ah, sir," beamed the manager, "you flatter my place."

The guest sniffed. "Not at all," he replied. "What I mean is that I'd rather have eaten these eggs then than now!"

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A teacher was putting questions to the class.

"What do you call a man," he asked, "who keeps on talking and talking when people are no longer interested?"

"Please, sir," replied a boy, "a teacher."

0 0 0

As a man thinketh in his heart so is he.— *The Bible*.

THE SPHINX

EDGAR ALLAN POE

During the dread reign of cholera in New York, I had accepted the invitation of a relative to spend a fortnight with him in the retirement of his *cottage orné* on the banks of the Hudson. We had here around us all the ordinary means of summer amusement; and what with rambling in the woods, sketching, boating, fishing, bathing, music, and books, we should have passed the time pleasantly enough, but for the fearful intelligence which reached us every morning from the populous city. Not a day elapsed which did not bring us news of the decease of some acquaintance. Then, as the fatality increased, we learned to expect daily the loss of some friend. At length we trembled at the approach of every messenger. The very air from the South seemed to us redolent with death. That palsying thought, indeed, took entire possession of my soul. I could neither speak, think, nor dream of any thing else. My host was of a less excitable temperament, and, although greatly depressed in spirits, exerted himself to sustain my own. His richly philosophical intellect was not at any time affected by unrealities. To the substance of terror he was sufficiently alive, but of its shadows he had no apprehension.

His endeavours to arouse me from the condition of abnormal gloom into which I had fallen, were frustrated, in great measure, by certain volumes which I had

found in his library. These were of a character to force into germination whatever seeds of hereditary superstition lay latent in my bosom. I had been reading these books without his knowledge, and thus he was often at a loss to account for the forcible impressions which had been made upon my fancy.

A favourite topic with me was the popular belief in omens—a belief which, at this one epoch of my life, I was almost seriously disposed to defend. On this subject we had long and animated discussions; he maintaining the utter groundlessness of faith in such matters, I contending that a popular sentiment arising with absolute spontaneity—that is to say, without apparent traces of suggestion—had in itself the unmistakable elements of truth, and was entitled to much respect.

The fact is, that soon after my arrival at the cottage there had occurred to myself an incident so entirely inexplicable, and which had in it so much of the portentous character, that I might well have been excused for regarding it as an omen. It appalled, and at the same time so confounded and bewildered me, that many days elapsed before I could make up my mind to communicate the circumstance to my friend.

Near the close of an exceedingly warm day, I was sitting, book in hand, at an open window, commanding through a long vista of the river banks, a view of a

distant hill, the face of which nearest my position had been denuded by what is termed a land-slide, of the principal portion of its trees. My thoughts had been long wandering from the volume before me to the gloom and desolation of the neighbouring city. Uplifting my eyes from the page, they fell upon the naked face of the hill, and upon an object—upon some living monster of hideous conformation, which very rapidly made its way from the summit to the bottom, disappearing finally in the dense forest below. As this creature first came in sight, I doubted my own sanity—or at least the evidence of my own eyes—and many minutes passed before I succeeded in convincing myself that I was neither mad nor in a

dream. Yet when I describe the monster (which I distinctly saw, and calmly surveyed through the whole period of its progress), my readers, I fear, will feel more difficulty in being convinced of these points than even I did myself.

Estimating the size of the creature by comparison with the diameter of the large trees near which it passed—the few giants of the forests which had escaped the fury of the land-slide—I concluded it to be far larger than any ship of the line in existence. I say ship of the line, because the shape of the monster suggested the idea—the hull of one of our seventy-fours might convey a very tolerable conception of the general outline. The mouth of the animal was situated at the

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extremity of a proboscis some sixty or seventy feet in length, and about as thick as the body of an ordinary elephant. Near the root of this trunk was an immense quantity of black shaggy hair—more than could have been supplied by the coats of a score of buffaloes; and projecting from this hair downwardly and laterally, sprang two gleaming tusks not unlike those of the wild boar, but of infinitely greater dimension. Extending forward, parallel with proboscis, and on each side of it, was a gigantic staff, thirty or forty feet in length, formed seemingly of pure crystal, and in shape a perfect prism,—it reflected in the most gorgeous manner the rays of the declining sun. The trunk was fashioned like a wedge with the apex to the earth. From it there were outspread two pairs of wings—each wing nearly one hundred yards in length—one pair being placed above the other, and all thickly covered with metal scales, each scale apparently some ten or twelve feet in diameter. I observed that the upper and lower tiers of wings were connected by a strong chain. But the chief peculiarity of this horrible thing was the representation of a *Death's Head*, which covered nearly the whole surface of its breast, and which was as accurately traced in glaring white, upon the dark ground of the body as if it had been there carefully designed by an artist. While I regarded this terrific animal, and more especially the appearance on its breast, with a feeling of horror and awe—with a sentiment of forthcoming evil, which I found it impossible to quell by any effort of the reason, I perceived the

huge jaws at the extremity of the proboscis suddenly expand themselves, and from them there proceeded a sound so loud and so expressive of woe, that it struck upon my nerves like a knell, and as the monster disappeared at the foot of the hill, I fell at once, fainting, to the floor.

Upon recovering, my first impulse, of course, was to inform my friend of what I had seen and heard—and I can scarcely explain what feeling of repugnance it was which, in the end, operated to prevent me.

At length, one evening, some three or four days after the occurrence, we were sitting together in the room in which I had seen the apparition—I occupying the same seat at the same window, and he lounging on a sofa near at hand. The association of the place and time impelled me to give him an account of the phenomenon. He heard me to the end—at first laughed heartily—and then lapsed into an excessively grave demeanour, as if my insanity was a thing beyond suspicion. At this instant I again had a distinct view of the monster—to which, with a shout of absolute terror, I now directed his attention. He looked eagerly—but maintained that he saw nothing—although I designated minutely the course of the creature, as it made its way down the naked face of the hill.

I was now immeasurably alarmed, for I considered the vision either as an omen of my death, or, worse, as the forerunner of an attack of mania. I threw myself passionately back in my chair, and for some moments

buried my face in my hands. When I uncovered my eyes, the apparition was no longer visible.

My host, however, had in some degree resumed the calmness of his demeanour, and questioned me very rigorously in respect to the conformation of the visionary creature. When I had fully satisfied him on this head, he sighed deeply, as if relieved of some intolerable burden, and went on to talk, with what I thought a cruel calmness, of various points of speculative philosophy, which had heretofore formed the subject of discussion between us. I remember his insisting very especially (among other things) upon the idea that the principal source of error in all human investigations lay in the liability of the understanding to underrate or to overvalue the importance of an object, through mere misadmeasurement of its propinquity. "To estimate properly, for example," he said, "the influence to be exercised on mankind at large by the thorough diffusion of democracy, the distance of the epoch at which such diffusion may possibly be accomplished should not fail to form an item in the estimate. Yet can you tell me one writer on the subject of government who has ever thought this particular branch of the subject worthy of discussion at all?"

He here paused for a moment, stepped to a book-case, and brought forth one of the ordinary synopses of Natural History. Requesting me then to exchange seats with him, that he might the better distinguish the fine print of the volume, he took my arm-chair



at the window, and, opening the book, resumed his discourse very much in the same tone as before.

"But for your exceeding minuteness," he said, "in describing the monster, I might never have had it in my power to demonstrate to you what it was. In the first place, let me read to you a school-boy account of the genus *Sphinx*, of the family *Crepuscularia*, of the order *Lepidoptera*, of the class of *Insecta*—or insects. The account runs thus:

"Four membranous wings covered with little coloured scales of metallic appearance; mouth forming a rolled proboscis, produced by an elongation of the jaws, upon the sides of which are found the rudiments of mandibles and downy palpi; the inferior wings retained to the superior by a stiff hair, antennae in the form of an elongated club, prismatic; abdomen pointed. The Death's-headed *Sphinx* has occasioned much terror among the vulgar, at times, by the melancholy kind of cry which it utters, and the insignia of death which it wears upon its corslet."

He here closed the book and leaned forward in the chair, placing himself accurately in the position which I had occupied at

the moment of beholding "the monster."

"Ah, here it is," he presently exclaimed, "it is reascending the face of the hill, and a very remarkable looking creature I admit it to be. Still, it is by no means so large or so distant as you imagined it; for the fact is that, as it wriggles its way up this thread, I find it to be about the sixteenth of an inch in its extreme length, and also about the sixteenth of an inch distant from the pupil of my eye."

SURPRISE FOR TEACHER

The teacher was taking a class in general knowledge.

"Mary, tell how matches are made," she asked.

"I don't know, miss," Mary said, "but I don't blame you for asking."

"What do you mean, Mary?" asked the teacher in surprise.

"Well, mother said you have been trying to make one for the last two years, and you haven't succeeded."

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The real measure of our wealth is how much we should be worth if we lost all our money.

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Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many, not on your past misfortunes of which all men have some.

— Charles Dickens.



She is happy in the arms of her lover—a tender scene from Rajeswari Films' *Sumangali*, starring E. V. Saroja and Balaji.

Plants Too Have Indigestion

Plants like humans show "irritability" and their digestion gets upset, according to Dr. V. M. Clechkovsky of Russia. Using radioisotopes to study the absorption and elimination activity of roots he and his co-workers have found that there is a regular gastronomic rhythm in the plants—the taking in of nutrient chemicals at regular intervals throughout the day and their subsequent excretion. This rhythm, they found, broke down when the nutrient solution contained an unfavourable salt composition which apparently upset the "digestion" of the plant. The effects of these irritants were increased by temperature changes.

x x x Test Tube Beings

Can life be created in the laboratory? Can the scientist of the future take some inert materials and by mixing some chemicals, make it into a living mass capable of reproducing itself?

The question may look fantastic but a team of New York scientists have very nearly succeeded in creating a substance called DNA from inert materials.

The DNA is the substance which determines heredity in all living things from bacteria to man. Of all the chemical compounds that play essential roles in the processes of life, DNA appears to be the most basic. It is found only in the chromosomes, the rod-like bodies in the nuclei of

the cells of all living things that contain the genes, the agents that control heredity. All evidence strongly indicates that the active component of the genes consists mostly, if not entirely, of DNA.

Though it is composed of no more than six simple-basic units named nucleotides, the DNA molecule can exist in billions of similar but unique forms, depending on the exact sequence of its basic units. It is now supposed that this varying sequence is a kind of code that contains the genetic information of the individual and the species. Each species has its own specific DNA, which determines whether any given germ cell is to develop into a bacterium, a plant, a mouse or a man.

Moreover, recent studies now indicate that DNA, in addition to being the repository of genetic information, "the file of blue-prints," so to speak, also participates in the construction and operation of a cell. Some believe that the DNA molecule serves as a kind of template upon which many of the biologically active molecules synthesized by the cell are constructed.

DNA contains an unusual sugar named desoxyribose. Other constituents are phosphorous, nitrogen, oxygen and hydrogen. The sugar molecule which constitutes as much as 48 per cent of the DNA molecule contains only five atoms of carbon, instead of six in the more common

sugars. The full chemical name of DNA is desoxyribonucleic acid. It is a gigantic molecule made up of many thousands of atoms.

The synthesis of DNA molecule is indeed a great achievement and opens up a new chapter in man's quest to understand the mystery of life.

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Power of the Mind

In the March, 1955, issue of *Kahaniya* was given a news item about the amazing feat of one Dr. Ralph Alexander, a New Zealand physician, who by mere concentration of his will power could dissolve a rain cloud high up in the sky.

In the experiment the doctor was taken to Hampstead Heath in Britain by a party of pressmen and a newsreel cameraman. The cloud to be experimented on was selected by them and the doctor gazed at it intently. In two minutes the cloud showed unmistakable signs of shrinking and breaking up.

Six minutes of gazing and Dr. Alexander shook his head and relaxed. Of the cloud nothing remained except a couple of tiny dots of vapour!

Dr. Alexander says the human brain has power over inanimate matter but it requires constant practice to concentrate sufficient mind power and then to project it to influence matter at a distance. This projection of mind power is called telekinesis.

Dr. Rhine at Duke University, U.S.A., and others have already established the truth of this extraordinary power of the human mind. Will or mind power can travel long distances

and perceive things and even influence objects. If the concentration of a person is strong enough and the urge to accomplish something is compelling enough, then his whole being is keyed up to it and all his mental and psychic powers get associated with it. This concentration of mind sets up some vibration in the system like the electromagnetic waves of the radio. It is too minute to be measured at present but powerful enough to travel long distances. Where does this energy come from? This psychic energy, it is believed, comes from the nuclei of cells, which in the human organism, function like tiny batteries. Or, perhaps, it is absorbed from the cosmic energy that pervades the whole universe.

Projection of mind sometimes takes place under extreme emotional stress when for example one is in a serious accident and thinks of a loved one. The latter then receives a message (telepathy) or as it happens in rare cases an ethereal manifestation takes place.

There are many authentic recorded instances of our saints who have worked miracles. A rational explanation of these miracles is not possible at present but one writer has put forward the hypothesis that there is a relationship between psychic energy and the energy that binds together the parts of the molecular substance of which the physical being or material is composed. There is, perhaps, a harmonious response between this subtle mind power, or psychic energy, and the electro-magnetic properties of matter.

Girl With the Greatest Sex Appeal

The magic by which an unknown girl of uncertain acting ability becomes almost overnight a movie star, idolized by multitudes across the world, has always baffled, often eluded, and sometimes driven to distraction, many a Hollywood producer.

Most recently, and most spectacularly, there has been the fantastic rise to glory, via one movie, of Brigitte Bardot. Working in the relatively penniless French film industry, she has surpassed in international acclaim such already established phenomena as Gina Lollobrigida and Sophia Loren of Italy and Hollywood. She is talked about enough to be considered a household word; some day she may be regarded as a legend of our time, writes Seymour Peeks in *New York Times*.

What are the qualities that make one blonde a star and another blonde—a blonde? Magic is not easily definable. Most experienced Hollywood talent hunters agree that "sex appeal" is the most essential quality in a star. They believe that the basis of virtually all moviegoing is the identification of the audience with the passions and pleasures of those radiant, handsome and unfrustrated creatures locked in embrace on the screen.

Beyond sex appeal, the ability to act is a factor, but it is not crucial—at least, not at first. It helps, too, if the star has some unique attributes that set her apart from other stars, while not marking her as too exotic for

public acceptance and understanding. It seems clear that sex appeal alone is not enough for long-term success; there must be something else, which can be inadequately defined as projection of personality.

It might be the understatement of the year to say that Brigitte Bardot has sex appeal. A tall (5 feet 7), slim, long-legged girl of 24 with the fresh bloom of a teen-ager, Mlle. Bardot is highly endowed.

But it is in the way that Mlle. Bardot exploits her sex appeal that much of her renown has come. The abandonment of restraint of propriety, is probably more advanced in the movies of "B. B." than in those of any star to cross the horizon of the screen. Bardot audiences know that at regular intervals, arranged with no greater ingenuity than in a burlesque show, the young woman will become as disengaged as possible from her outer garments. She will swim in a bikini, or sun-bathe; she will take a bath and run around in a towel; she will go to sleep—or wake up in the morning.

But there is more than the stimulation of the striptease in Mlle. Bardot's performance. If that were all, many a burlesque artiste or showgirl would attain immortality in a cinematic paradise ruled over by girls known as "The Chassis" or "The Shape." What is the unique factor about Mlle. Bardot, supplementing and going beyond her sex appeal? Intellectuals profess to

see in her a compelling symbol—of defiance and emancipation. B. B., they say, is not merely challenging the restraints a censor-conscious movie world has placed upon itself, she is challenging the restraints a self-conscious world has placed upon itself.

The girl we see in "And God Created Woman" and to a lesser extent, in "La Parisienne" is startling because she is governed by no laws but her own emotional desires; she has no need but to satisfy those desires. She has formulated an emancipation proclamation which says in effect: "I must do whatever my impulses dictate, I can't help it. I don't want to help it. The impulses are invariably and frankly sexual, and Mlle. Bardot surrenders to them without conscience, super-ego, regret—or hesitation.

The French fondly call her "Baby," and, just as a baby is devoid of knowledge of or concern for, social patterns of behaviour, so B. B. is heedless of them. This perhaps stamps her as a retarded permanently immature woman, but this childlikeness has its attractive aspects for the onlooker.

Adolescents are drawn to her insolent flouting of her elders and their sacred institutions. For older persons, perhaps, she conjures up fantasies and day-dreams—of a sexual prowess (so exaggerated in B. B. as to be almost a caricature) and adventure and fulfillment they have never known in their own lives.

B. B.'s nonconformity—which

extends finally to sexual aggressiveness usually associated with the male of the species—gains acceptance through the innocent air she brings to it. If she were coarse or cheap or hardened or cynical in her quest for self-expression, she would probably repel. But she is cute, shiny, honest without hypocrisy. She carries her "crimes," particularly her exposure, with the calm guilelessness of a wide-eyed two year-old. Her forthrightness has helped to make her a star.



A dance sequence in M.A.V. Pictures' *Madhavi*.

A man takes a drink, then drink takes a drink, and the next drink takes the man.

—A Japanese proverb.

P. V. RAO, VASUDEVAPURAM, MADRAS-5

MESHA RASI or ARIES

First half of this month is

Aswani
Bharani &
Krithika

be oppositions in the beginning but by the end of the second week there will be success attending your efforts. First half also shows children's troubles or anxiety on account of them. Financially first half is better. Marriage may occur in some cases. Second half may prove troublesome mentally and financially, and physically. One of your children will cause you greater anxiety than before. Financial aspects however are convenient than before. Officially there may be more gain in the first half and loss in the second half. You may not fare well in the eyes of your boss. Merchants will fair well in the first half both in partnership and single business. Partnership will be disturbed in the second half. There may be differences and disputes amongst them. A

journey may occur in the first half.

1, 2, 5, 11, 19, 23, 29 are better days.

VRISHABHA RASI or TAURUS

Saturn changes into the next house unfavourably to you from the 7th while the other major planet Guru is still continuing its course in the 6th house. These two major planets being unfavourably configurated you may not therefore gain much during this month. Mangal in your rasi in the first half creates troubles domestically and also financial inconveniences. Heavy expenditure is incurred during this month. You become more excited, hasty and intemperate in your day-to-day life with others. Second half perhaps may prove slightly better though friction may be continuously felt in all your undertakings. Your general health may not be upto the standard.

Ladies will suffer more during this month, especially in the second half. Domestic happiness may fall short of your expectation. Financially you will be able to manage somehow through the help of your friends or relations during this month. Mangal enters the 12th house, the house of annoyances, and self-imposed tasks. Beware of doing anything rash during this month. Your boss will be complaining about your work. Partnership will not fare well.

3, 5, 6, 12, 15, 17, 19, 23, 28, 29 are better days.

MITHUNA RASI or GEMINI

Mangal's position is the only discouraging feature Mrigashira causing delay, Ardra & $\frac{1}{2}$ Pushya & Punarvasu appointment and quarrel. Your ambition will not be gratified easily until the 18th when Mangal enters the house of wishes and desires to be fulfilled. Meanwhile don't trust your friends in money matters and in promises made by them. Financially second half is distinctly better. There may be gain through friends and relations and in the sphere of your activity. Some of your important pending affairs will be settled in the second half. You may see dear relations or visit your native place as the case may be during this month. Domestically first half is better. One of your children will give you greater satisfaction in the first half. Avoid friction with your boss or elderly person during the middle of the month. You will be speculatively inclined and indulge in too much speculative games to

your disadvantage as the month advances. In this respect first half may be counted upon for more gains. Officially, a better outlook of life will be evident. Merchants will have better turnover and profit in the first half than in the second. A rift amongst the partners is expected in the beginning of the month.

2, 3, 5, 6, 10, 11, 15, 17, 19, 23, 25, 29 are better days.

KARKATAKA RASI or CANCER

Planetary configuration is more encouraging for your

$\frac{1}{2}$ Punarvasu month. The central Pushya & Ashlesa point is round about the 4th house referring to your residence, investment on property, if any, and financial conveniences in the first half and round about 5th house dealing with your children's affairs, greater financial conveniences and sudden money acquisition in the second half. This month also is good for your vocational side of life or professional activities which receive greater emphasis during the second half. Financially you will be okay throughout the month in spite of heavy fluctuations. Domestically you will be happier in the first half. Officially this month is more encouraging in the second half when you may be specially favoured by your boss. Merchants will be more speculatively inclined in the first half. There may be some loss also consequently. Second half is more promising as to turnover and lucrative business. Partnership is prosperous.

1, 2, 6, 11, 13, 15, 19, 20, 23, 26, 29 are better days.

SIMHA RASI or LEO

Planetary map this month is an admixture of both benefic and malefic kind. Malefic influences of Makha, Poorvaphal-guna and $\frac{1}{2}$ Uthara-Phalgunā

Sani and Mangal continue to be unfavourable till the end of the first week when a slight change is envisaged relieving you from the harassment of monotonous life without encouragement. Mangal changes for the better from the 11th when he enters his own house bringing about the expected relief in the surroundings. A journey is envisaged. Correspondence and letters will be the special features of the month. Relations may visit you. Papers may bring money. One of your brothers or sisters will give you satisfaction in the first half itself. Financially the second half may prove better. Domestically this is a more harmonious month than before. Avoid legal cases as far as possible. Officially you may gain some advantages as the month is underway. Favour of the officer is envisaged in the second half. Merchants will find it lucky this month. Their business turnover is encouraging in second half. First half is good for business organisation and improvement. Partnership is favoured during this month in the last week.

1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 11, 12, 15, 19, 22, 23, 29 and better days.

KANYA RASI or VIRGO

First half indicates greater satisfaction in all your affairs particularly as to money matters. You may

$\frac{1}{2}$ Uttara-
phalgunā
Hastha and
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Chitra

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gain through high class friends and also companies. Avoid differences with them. Expenditure is rising. The aspects of Mangal to Budha and Sani throughout the month has its adverse influence causing you to become nervous and irritable. Second half when Surya is in the 3rd house may cause you some anxiety about elders. You may become more philosophically minded. Mangal after the 18th may not prove favourable physically. Your system may get heated and you may not feel quite at ease in the abdomen. One of your relations will cause you unnecessary anxiety. With Mangal in the 8th and Guru aspecting it you must be able to recuperate your health. Guru in the 2nd house is the outstandingly protective agent or force guarding you and in association with Sukra in the 1st half should make for pleasant social relationship. Officially you may gain during this month. Merchants will do well in their speculation if only they avoid the element of rashness in their venture.

1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 10, 12, 16, 23, 26, 29 are better days.

THULA RASI or LIBRA

Though the presence of benefics viz. Guru and Sukra may be found healthy from the social and domestic point of view, they may not be considered physically beneficial in the first half since Mangal also is in the 8th house causing mental anxiety and physical disturbance. Second half may prove better in many respects, especially in financial matters, since Mangal enters the 7th house aspecting the 2nd house and the lord of gain therein. Financially this month is quite trouble free. A journey is caused during this month. Domestically you may be happy during this month if you avoid discussion and keep your temper. Officially this is a favourable month. You may achieve your desired objective through the help of your boss. Merchants will be luckier in the second half. There may be loss due to speculation in the first half. Partnership may be under disturbed waters. New partner may come in in the second half.

2, 3, 5, 6, 11, 15, 16, 20, 22, 25, 29 are better days.

VRISHCHIKA RASI or SCORPIO

Planetary alignment is not promising during this month. The solar course through the 12th house in the first half indicates heavy expenditure, financial worries, disturbed relationship with elders and a journey as well. Your wife may not also keep fit or you may not be happy. Second half

onwards a slight improvement is envisaged. Your general health may cause you some anxiety since your ruler is retrograde to your sixth house. Financially there may be pressure felt and a temporary loan may be found necessary to be raised for your commitments. Guru in the 12th will provide the necessary facility for the same. Domestically this month is better in the second half. Your wife's health may prove slightly better. Officially second half is more encouraging. Avoid unnecessary friction in the official circle. Merchants will not find this month happy. There may be obstacles, hindrances and stalemate during this month. Second half may offer some unexpected help. It is more advisable to keep away from business speculation.

1, 2, 3, 5, 10, 15, 17, 19, 23, 28, 29. are better days.

DHANU RASI of SAGITARIUS

First half of this month is calculated to be very favourable to you for all your affairs in general.

$\frac{1}{2}$ Moola, Poorvashada & Uttarashada are very favourable to you for all your affairs in general. Friends and friendship will appeal to you in particular. You may gain through them, enjoy social life and profit by all that is pleasant, artistic and orderly. Women will play an important role in the first half. An important ceremony may be in the month's picture. Domestically life is happy and gay. You may meet your near relations, especially elder brother or sister if you have one. Second half may not be so good since malefics both Mangal and Surya will be in the

12th house causing some destruction in the family life since Sukra also joins them in the 12th house. Financially first half is more encouraging and convenient. Money may come through friends, relations and companies. Second half shows heavy expenditure incurred though for good purposes. Domestically you may not feel as happy as in the first half. From the 7th of November Sani's entry into your rasi requires greater economy to be practiced. All monetary affairs must be stabilised. Officially you may gain through your boss. A transfer in a few cases or differences with colleagues, is envisaged. Merchants will be lucky during the first half. Financial differences with customers should be avoided as far as possible. First half shows successful partnership affairs or entry of new partners.

1, 2, 5, 11, 15, 19, 23, 26, 29 are better days.

MAKARA RASI or CAPRICORN

Planetary map with planets

Uttarashada near about the
Sravana meridian indicates
Dhanista greater occupational activities

and concern thereof. The lord of the profession Sukra in the 10th house will come in contact with Guru, his enemy, causing some differences of opinion resulting in unexpected rupture or change over to new profession altogether towards the middle of the month. You may gain through such a change in course of time. New contacts with friends or relatives is envisaged. Romantic episodes are also envi-

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saged this month. Life will be socially full. Expenditure is heavier than before from the 2nd half onwards. Domestic change in a few instances might occur. One of your brothers will give greater satisfaction or spring a surprise on you during this month. In the second half with Guru alone in the house of profession and Mangal's aspect to the 11th house after the 18th, there will be greater anxiety about your job itself. Merchants will find this month quite good. Business expansion is noticed resulting in better turnover. Partnership will fare well.

1, 3, 5, 6, 13, 16, 17, 19, 23, 25, 29 are better days.

KUMBHA RASI or AQUARIUS

With the exception of Mangal

Dhanista in the 4th house
Satbhishcha during the first
& Poorva- half all other
bhadra planets are favourably well placed, indicating greater favour, influence, help and popularity in the sphere of your work. Saptamadipathi in the 7th house in neecha condition should have already

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given you anxiety about your wife or a court case as the case may be. A ceremony may occur in the course of the month. Financially the month is brighter. Mangal's entry back helps you gain help from elders, seniors and relations. A changed outlook of life is envisaged from the 18th. Your ruler Sani having gone to the 11th house, you may gain hereafter for $2\frac{1}{2}$ years many of your cherished ambitions or objectives both at home and outside. Friends and friendships will be an asset during this period. Big things aimed at before will be achieved. Those in the banks, insurance companies, or legal fields will gain much hereafter. Socially second half is better. Investment is indicated in a few cases. Officially, you will gain more advantages than before through the help of your superiors. Merchants will profit much particularly from foreign business and companies. Partnership will prosper. New business contacts with far off people will be established.

1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 11, 13, 15, 19, 22, 24, 25, 29 are better days.

MEENA RASI or PISCES

Planets in the 8th continue troubling you mentally and even physically in some cases Unnec-

ssary blame will also be placed on you by the opposite

camp. Financially pressure is indicated but may suddenly be relieved also in the course of the month. Your ruler Guru is still in the 8th house of trouble, indifferent health, and trouble through your relations, and a voyage as well. One of your near relations will unnecessarily cause you headache. Avoid arguments or misunderstandings as far as possible, in all your contacts. Domestically you may feel better in the second half. Financially greater relief is indicated after 18th of November. Some of your financial plans may get a set back for some time only. Officially the month is more encouraging in the second half, but no financial gain is envisaged. All work and no gain will be the special feature of your activities for the next $2\frac{1}{2}$ years since Sani, the wage earner, will enter the house of profession from the 17th of November. Merchants will gain through their transactions fairly well. Partnership will undergo change for the better. New partner may come in with capital. Foreign market will be encouraging.

1, 2, 5, 6, 12 13, 15, 19, 22, 23, 25, 29 are better days.

THE ANTARCTIC

The Antarctic continent measures six million square miles and the temperature in certain regions descends to as low as -101°F . At temperatures below -67°F petroleum freezes, hurricane lamps are extinguished, and natural rubber breaks like glass. Below -85°F . breathing becomes very painful and special apparatus must be worn.

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At a distance from home a man is judged by what he hears, near home he is judged by what he is.

— A Chinese proverb.

CRUSHING RETORT

He had talked about himself till she could endure it no longer.

"It costs a great deal more than one would think to become a broad-minded and intelligent man of the world."

"I suppose so," she said, "and I don't blame you for saving your money."

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"A fortune teller told me that I would go to prison for embezzling money entrusted to me."

"Don't you believe it man. Who would entrust money to you?"

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SPOILED

"Darling," he murmured happily, "you are the first girl I have ever kissed."

"I believe you," said the girl.

He kissed her again. "And you are the only girl who believed what I say," went on the foolish fellow absentmindedly,

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Wife (arriving home late): Did you think I was lost dear?

Husband (with a sigh): No, I was never an optimist.

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NO ONE TRUSTS HIM

"I have been in debt for a number of years and have not been able do get out of it," said a man to his friend.

"You are lucky," replied the friend. "I have been trying to get into debt for years but nobody will let me!"

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CAUSE AND EFFECT

A: "For twentytwo years my wife and I were happy."

B: "Then what happened?"

A: "We met."

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"And do the people next door borrow much from you?"

"Borrow! Why, I feel more at home in their houses than in my own."

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You cannot control the length of your life, but you can control its breadth, depth and height.

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It is alright to hold a conversation but you should let go of it now and then.

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Live with men as if God saw you and speak to God as if men heard you.

— Seneca.

Only small men think themselves great. Great men have no time for such small thoughts.

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